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LADY CLAUDINE;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY HON. HORATIO W. NELSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

The horse of the coachman now began to struggle and labor, and having got his head down the torrent, was unable to make any head-way, downward progress; and he and his rider, who loudly shouted for help, were soon borne out of sight of the coast, disappearing in the darkness and turmoil of the water that poured over the bridge as over a bed of rapids. It was no time for words, or expressions of sympathy. Each one was striving for his own safety.

"Four not, Lady," said Brinsley, as he pressed to his heart his lovely burden; "danger still is nearly past. In a few seconds we shall reach the bank."

"My father—Is he safe?"

"He is riding bravely. He needs no aid! If he does, my servant is in reach of him."

In a few moments they were all landed upon the brink of the torrent; but hardly had they time to congratulate each other when a loud, shrill shriek, wild and terrible in its accents, rang high in ecstacy, reached their ears from the distance and darkness below them. It was followed instantly by a piercing outcry of a woman in the last extremity of mortal agony.

"It is the nurse drowning, and the man also," said Captain Oakes. "We can do nothing to save him! All our cares is for our own safety! We have got a mile and a half to ride to the first house in the town, where alone we can get shelter. Let us on!"

"And leave my man!" exclaimed, with a groan, the master of the coachman.

"He is past all aid! The silence tells the whole tale! Horse and rider have both drowned. If you value the health or safety of your child, we have not a moment to waste on vain regrets."

"You are right! It seems cruel; but let us onward all, at what pace we may!"

With and hearts the gentleman and his daughter rode forward, Claudine, as we have once heard her called by her father, riding still, as the only alternative, in front of Brinsley, and supported by his arm. Shortly after, amid driving hail and thunder-peals that shook the solid ground, and with all the sky illumined by incessant flashes, they galloped up to a small inn in the first street of the town, and aboused by the cheerful light that shone out from the windows, they felt that their perils were past. And save that the sad fate of the coachman filled the soul of his master and mistress with gloom, they would have made merry, in the present safety, of their recent dangers.

Reader! This was the first meeting, as above described, of Brinsley Oakes with Claudine Heathcote; and, singularly enough, in the presence of his deserted and cruel young wife and son.

Such is the strange, adventurous, with perils and escapes shared in common, could not otherwise than have interested them all in each other. The next morning at breakfast, Brinsley received with all the grateful thanks of the lovely girl whom he had borne so safely across the wild waters, for her father. An intimacy based upon circumstances was the natural result. Invited to the abode of Mr. Heathcote, Brinsley Oakes was not the man to decline such an invitation, now that he knew the fair and proud beauty he had rescued from danger was the very maiden, the very heiress in prospective, he had come from India hoping to discover and to marry—the sister of Argyll and Charles Heathcote.

The old gentleman was living in retirement, having lost his fortune in the stocks, yet having saved enough to educate and start well in the daughter in the style becoming her rank as an earl's grand-daughter. His own wife had early been sent to their uncle in Bengal, as the readier to already aware.

Six months after this night of adventure, Brinsley Oakes addressed formally Claudine; and the act being observed by her father, was received by him on the condition that her brothers in India should consent also. But the resolution did not leave the fate of her letters. It was not safe for Brinsley Oakes to have these high-toned brothers consulted, and surreptitiously he possessed himself of her letters to them; and after a sufficient lapse of time forged animals, and of course favorable answers. Then was the world knew nothing of his false yet true and real marriage the year before with Katharine Cecil, and how he had broken her heart and disheartened and ignored his own son! The world only knew him as a brave soldier enough, an officer on half-pay, of a good family, and a fine personal presence.

Claudine, or Lady Claudine (as she was always termed), even from a child, was one who knew her, from a certain lady-like, sweet and gracious manner peculiar to her; though, as the eldest daughter of a commoner and the sister of a nobleman and of a baronet, as she unquestionably became, she was a title as appropriate as if was conferred by accredited), being won by this artful and evil man, completed, as many a credulous and loving woman has done before her, and will do for all time to come, her heart, her hand, her honor and her happiness into his sacred keeping! Sacred! can such a word be spoken in connection with such a man?

She was married in due time in the village church, and an unseen witness of the ceremony was Katharine Cecil! The rest of the history of this union is all known to the reader. But one by-scene needs to be referred to before we close this chapter, and that is an interview, just before his marriage with Lady Claudine, he had with the poor crazed mother of his boy. This interview was sought by himself from policy. He wished to secure himself from her appearance at times and on occasions when her presence might confuse him, and require explanation of it to others—even to Lady Claudine. So he sought her out, and beseeching her with kind words, as of old time, when he was her lover, she agreed not to trouble him nor go near him, if he would promise never to take her boy from the shepherds, nor injure him; and to this he agreed, provided also she would keep forever secret from him the name of his father! But after his marriage, hearing from Pompey that she was seen about his house, he took such steps as were necessary in the premises, and sent her to the asylum for the insane, to a bedlam for women, not far from Salisbury. Here, at his own cost, she remained for a few years, separated from her son, who grew up an ignorant shepherd boy, with barely a knowledge of his letters, and only evincing superiority in rational intelligence and bodily beauty over other shepherds. He had caught the dialect of the class and gamut he was so long familiar with; and when at length Katharine Cecil escaped from her mad-house, and sought the home of her child, she no longer recognized in the large, overgrown shepherd's bind her handsome, healthy, aristocratic looking child! Yet with all a mother's devotion she clasped him to her heart.

In the interim Brinsley Oakes had seen his son visiting him annually, from the pressure of some inexplicable fascination. He found him at such times in the plains or on the uplands alone with his flock, being careful never to come near enough to the cottage to risk being seen by another.

When Reuben described to his mother this stranger, she knew him, and secretly feared, yet rejoiced—rejoiced at the thought that perhaps some day he might yet recognize and acknowledge both him and the mother! It was on one of these stolen visits to his son—visits, not of affection, but of cunning and curiosity to look at a rival—that he found him writing the name of "Argyll" upon a piece of the floor of the dwelling, and also upon the flat rocks.

The reader has seen the use he made of this discovery. What could be the material of his heart, who could, from year to year, see his son living in the same and humblest life of a shepherd, and yet make not his little finger to improve his mind, or lift, and truly, by hopeful, the darkness of his ignorance, to hide forever the knowledge of his birth! And what could be the nature of the conscience of his father, who, when his forsaken child had evinced some talent as imitative, should endeavor to increase the facilities of making use of it, for his own criminal devices, recklessly indifferent to the consequences that might ultimately flow from the unconscious aid, or rather, positively planning his own destruction of our narrative! Did we have hope that the life he forced not take—the life of the son he was ashamed to acknowledge—would be sacrificed to the love of the world?

But it is not for us to speculate upon the nature of our characters; but to develope their actions, and in action as they are. Having now devoted two and a third chapters to an extensive view of scenes that passed prior to the actual time of the opening of our Tale, we shall now resume the onward progress of our narrative. Did we have temporarily suspended from the point at which Brinsley Oakes gave orders—during the midnight conflagration—to Pompey to follow the retreating figure of Katharine, after she parted from him on the plazza, on the night our story began.

The position in which Brinsley Oakes found himself to be as he acted fairly to face his guilt and its consequences, as to and fro on his plazza he paced with bent head and his hands crossed behind his back, was as follows:—but we give the issues in his own soliloquy, the light of the distant chapter, and that is an interview, only upon his honor, and lighting up with a strange vividness his hollow eyes and haggard visage:—but which, alas! he had become an old man!

"I do doubt, before we continue our tale, clearly to disclaim, dear reader, any effort to paint with impressive the character of an evil and unprincipled man. The course of crime is always the same in direction, though differing in degree, with all men! The first link demands another link to be forged, and inexorably a chain of crime is lengthened out, link by link, until its weight is too great for the criminal to carry; and it becomes too involved and entangled for him to straighten it, and he perishes; like the fabled spirit who became the king of the north magnetic land his sceptre, and was speedily overwhelmed by the masses of iron that its attraction precipitated upon him from all sides. The first crime is the serpent's egg; the bolder it be-sadly crushed by the weight of the iron of his deeds. The character of Brinsley Oakes is not a mere fiction. The steps of his progress, his subterfuges, his plans and devices to recover himself from his position, are but the legitimate consequence of a commencement to do wrong. Every evil act, if it must be concealed, calls for another evil act, greater still! and so the fatal chain is progressively forged.

We have seen how Brinsley Oakes is surrounding himself now by hour with a more complicated network of guilt! How difficult it is his existence to be hostiles not at any suggestion presented to his mind by sin—by the perplexity or fears.

"First, there is that false marriage wherein I have made a beautiful woman my substituting for the priest my friend—that mad-cap, Ensign Bailey Wagstaff. That was the beginning of my troubles! Then came the fear of the discovery of the deception! only allayed finally by the lucky death of Wagstaff in action in India the year after; and the only security I have against the action, when I wished to get the use of its church after service, before he closed it in, is that his own guilty calls for a silent tongue; yet I sometimes fear the fellow may, in his hour of penitence, if he come to die, betray me! Were he dead also, the secret would be safe—like all secrets sleeping in coffins and buried six feet beneath the ground! Then there is the consequence that Katharine will betray me as her husband to some of the family—one of those hot-blooded Heathcotes—or to my wife! Then there is the fear that Katharine will betray me as her husband before my-mind! How many times have I been startled, by hoped, by the unknown of his appearance, to hide forever the knowledge of his birth! And what would be the nature of the conscience of his father, who, when his forsaken child had evinced some talent as imitative, should endeavor to increase the facilities of making use of it, for his own criminal devices, recklessly indifferent to the consequences that might ultimately flow from the unconscious aid, or rather, positively planning his own destruction of our narrative! Did we have hope that the life he forced not take—the life of the son he was ashamed to acknowledge—would be sacrificed to the love of the world?

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CAPTAIN OAKES BEARING CLAUDINE HEATHCOATE THROUGH THE FLOOD.

I must make my appearance among the lords and gentlemen there, and, with money to play. I must be seen there, or my absence may be suspected, and it may be thought to jealous a guilt! that I dare not appear because I have been connected with this robbery of Colonel Stanley, as I hear his name is. No; I must put a bold face on it, and to openly seen and have some to maintain my attitude among my equals! But where shall I get the money? Not from play; because I have nothing to begin to play with! Once refund this eight thousand pounds, got so hardly and dangerously, and I am a beggar. Of all the luxury in this house I own not a penny; unknown to Claudine I have mortgaged every article, even to her own jewels! Little does she suspect that the diamonds of her brilliant tresses were taken by me to London and removed by a skilful jewel fraud, and replaced by the perfect imitations which now cheat her eyes! No—I have no resource left! Where will this end? To what brink of a horrible precipice am I drifting? Ha! I will start my agent and send my connoisseur! The present! the present! Live to-day and Die to-morrow! I must act for the now, and let the future take care of consequences! Yonder she has burned down and is smouldering," he added, stopping as the clock struck three in the morning. "So will the fires of my soul one day consume me! But that is the future! My conscience must be silenced! To-morrow! Let me see the answer to me what it will bring forth. How is my money? Well, did you follow the woman?"

"Yes, master," answered the African. "I see you go way out far so de fields."

"Say no more cause back again," answered Captain Oakes, in a tone of deep hatred; for it is the nature of the depraved to hate the object it has injured. This is doubtless the source of the hatred of the Prince of the Power of the Air for mankind. How closely are evil men united with evil angels. "Did you learn where the fire has been?"

"A great church and the large bandoon' house of Coleman Stan'lum!"

"Stanley?"

"Yes, massa, dat's it—Stan'lum!"

"This is a strange coincidence! Robbed and burned! out on the same night!"

"What, massa?"

"I did not speak. Now go to bed. I shall try and get some sleep?"

He re-entered his room by the long venetian window, and the slave threw himself at his command, by the door, and in a moment was in a deep sleep. His master stood regarding him for a little while with looks of envy.

"Would to God I could sleep thus like a tired beast! No dreams—no horrors—no terrific nightmare trouble this animal African! For one twelve hours he will not think of his crime, or fear the change places with him! Sleep! I fear its awful and terrible visitations! Would that they would sleep were an eternal oblivion—as dead and unconscious as this African—and where eternal sleep and everlasting torpor no dream could invade—no memory or conscience feel! Then would I lie down with this African and sleep! Sleep! Perhaps the morrows take care of themselves for all the cares of which forty years ago I was created! How easily this could man escape the consequences of his sin had he died on the morrow! how guilty would guilt elude its certain punishment on the morrow! Ah, there is something in my inmost nature that tells me there can be no annihilation for an immortal being; that punishment must be met, here or otherwhere; that the same we originated must extend to their legitimate consequences, and, that the issues we start, we must meet in this world or another. Would that the annihilations and nonentity out of which forty years ago I was created and given individuality and consciousness had never been invaded in my own case; but that the state of nothingness which from eternity had preceded my existence had remained, and that it still remained! But the bark is launched! There is no returning whence we came that we may return to be! But what shall these thoughts! I will try to sleep! Let the gun burn brighter! In the light I seem to see shadows, and those mingle with my sleep and make dreams! Here is an ironic temporary insensibility!"

As he spoke he poured handsome from a vial into a glass of wine, and drank it off. He then laid down, utterly wearied in mind and body; and taking a book, tried to read, (because he feared to think,) till he should be overpowered with drowsiness, which soon followed.

Leaving him and his slave thus sleeping; and Katharine Cecil taking her dark and lonely way along the coach-road leading out of Bath, wending a camp of gypsies which she knew to be near; leaving Lady Claudine and Mary Heathcote together in the boudoir, also seeking sleep, that they may have strength to prepare them for the morrow's claims upon their humanity and piety; leaving poor Thomas weeping and tugging his hands in the cell in which the officers had placed him after his arrest; leaving Reuben also in his prison, but sweetly asleep with the repose of innocence; leaving the fat steward also asleep in the large stuffed chair, which was his customary couch; we draw the curtain of night and repose over all, to enter upon the scenes of the eventful morrow.

Dawn broke upon the city of Bath with rosette and purple waves of light flowing up the eastern sky before the unseen sun. Azure and crimson-edged clouds floated in a sea of golden glory, like fairy isles. A soft haze from the smoke of the great fire veiled the atmosphere, and enriched the scenery lighted by the morning, while the vanilla day reflected from one less spire than flung back its burnished beams the morning before. One of the handsomest cities in the world, as one of the most tasteful residences, that of Colonel Stanley, had been destroyed by the midnight fire.

At length the citizens of Bath, and the visitors who were there to drink the waters, and all whose business, or health, or pleasure, or want, or idleness called forth, filled, as on the day before, the thoroughfares, squares, and places of resort. The rear of the wharfs of commerce, and the rattle of the chariots of pleasure, were loud mingled with the varied sounds of a busy populace.

Lady Claudine was early, she few hours of uneasy rest, not from guilt—oh, no!—but from sorrow and fear! Mary was sleeping still, but awoke as the sunbeams shone full upon her face.

"Oh, mistress, am I here? What is it? Oh, I have recollect all! Poor Thomas! Is he safe? Will you help me to get him out?"

"Yes. As soon as breakfast is over, I will go to the magistrate and do all in my power for him. Your troubles may serve to make our forgive and unite!"

"Ah, poor lady! You have indeed troubles!" answered Mary, shaking her head and sending up the robbery, which she knew would break her mistress when she came to hear who was the highwayman!

That Lady Claudine felt deeply concerned about the forged check which her dear husband had sent, need not be said. She knew that if it were not taken up Captain Oakes would be detected and arrested as its utterer! If it were taken up (and this thought made her tremble), it was done evidently with money obtained from a fresh forgery! How little did the unhappy lady suspect the true source whence it was obtained!

At the hour of opening the banks Brinsley Oakes might have been seen entering that of the Savings Bank, and entering the vestibule of the bank where his forged check lay, in a few minutes he overpassed tearing up in very small pieces the check which, upon his deposit of the eight thousand pounds in the name of Lady Claudine at Charles Heathcote, he had begged to be returned to him. Having done this, he went forth with a look of dark hate.

"There is one devil less to torment me," he muttered between his closed teeth, as he scattered the minute fragments of the witness of his forgery to the winds. "I defy the Heathcotes now! My name is upon but one more piece of paper—but that worthless! Should the forgery be found on the bar of the banker, I have nothing to fear from it. Nowwere this confounded pain in my head! If the way I should breathe freely and feel like a gentleman! I will await the progress of this master quietly?"

"Good morning, Captain Oakes," said a sardonically dressed young nobleman, accosting him. "What have you been doing? You look as if you were ill! Shake hands!"

"Ah, my lord, how d'ye do?" answered Oakes, not noticing this remark.

Well, but dazed weary. That confounded fire last night, nearly opposite my house! Bath is crowded! It will be a pity if he has to go back to London, and take such a superb flower from our parterre as Emma Stanley!"

"I have heard she is very beautiful."

"But good! Her father has lost everything! It was rumored she was to be married, and to receive twenty thousand pounds from her father as dowry; but he had no insurance."

"And what is more, did you hear he was waylaid and robbed of eight thousand pounds last night?" asked the captain, with perfect coolness.

"Waylaid! you can mean, my dear, Oakes?"

"I thought it was all over there."

"I did not hear of it. Where or where?"

"A little after sunset he was wending; and in the lane in the rear of my garden and house."

"This is coming close to you, with a witness."

"The pistol was heard in the house!"

"Was he shot at?"

"Yes."

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"This is a bold affair enough—done it 'slant. Have they any idea who perpetrated it?

"A personal bee from the bumpry, I hear, was arrested as the robber," responded Oakes, with the utmost indifference. "But where is Colonel Standby?"

"Just now, I believe, at a miserable lodging in the Bull Inn."

"I will go and offer him, as he is a soldier, the hospitalities of my dear friend," said the captain "good day, my lord!"

"You are a decayed hospitable fellow, Oakes," said the young lord, moving on towards the bath rooms.

As Belmboy Oakes walked on in the direction of the inn, he reasoned thus:

"If I invite him to my house, all suspicion will be forestalled. It is boarding the lion in his den; but I will not let the occasion for a moment making me of it to prevent the rise of the least surmise connecting me with this robbery. He could not have seen my face, as I could not distinguish his in the gloom under the trees, and my face was muffled. His heard my voice, but I disguised it. It is impossible he should recognize me! But I have put the thief! Once having him and his daughter guests beneath my roof, and I may defy all that I now fear. If," he added, as he came near the inn, "if he should recognize me! But if he suspected, my audacity in coming to him would lull all doubts of me in a moment. I will venture!"

CHAPTER IX.

Colonel Standby was seated in a small chamber in the Inn, with his elbow upon a table, and his face dropped with a despondent look into his palm. His fine, military countenance was sad, and he looked like a man entirely broken in spirit. His gray locks were bare and disordered by the flames which he had battled, to secure some important papers from his burning house.

By his side sat his daughter, a young and lovely girl of nineteen summers, the most delicate and bright in her sight dress, in which, with a short skirt, she had escaped from the house, being all that she could save from the flames. Her delicate form was eminently attractive. Her dark chestnut and goldshaded hair was plainly braided back, leaving a mass of lustrous tresses, in rich manner, pending from the throat. Her soft, hazel-hued eyes were the most beautiful and gazelle-like eyes in the world when they are beautiful, were sad and tearful, and beaming upon her father through them with a sweet expression of sympathy. About his neck was entwined one of her arms, delicate white and rounded arms, and with the hand of the other she clasped his. It was a picture of sorrow, sufficient to see the fair daughter thus entwining herself about her stricken father.

"Nay, my dear father, let it not grieve you so," she said, softly, and with a voice so winning and lovely, and full of hope, that the stranger would have removed her hands from her face, and lifted her with open in him with a countenance "All is not lost! You have your half-pay. There is your life-insurance for ten thousand pounds, which you have often said was worth at least half twice to you, when you yielded; and then for the farm you sold yesterday for a most favorable eight thousand pounds more?"

"I owe so much as that, my daughter. All my hopes for you are now wrecked! Who would wed you—now penniless?"

"Charles, my dear father," she answered, looking brightly and smilingly into his eyes.

"No, no! He expected to find a thousand as your dowry. This was in my house mainly; and now you are a beggar!"

"Not quite, dear father; you remain," she said, cheerfully. "If I had lost all, and you saved not the house, then I should have been poor indeed! But with you, alive and safe, preserved to me to love and comfort, I am richer than twenty times eight thousand pounds!"

"You are a brave and good girl. It lightens one half my loss to see you so cheerful."

"And why not both be so cheerful? We still will support us in lodgings in London. I can give lessons on embroidery, and—"

Here her father suddenly raised himself, and with a proud look, and the flash of indignation mantling his temples, cried—

"Never! Not while I live! The daughter of Colonel Standby become a teacher! No, my child—Byrley my harshness; but I can bear my house burned, to be waylaid, and to be robbed and shot at but spare me that! Never—she not be chance! Forgive me, Emma, but if you wish not to grieve me, speak not to me upon such a subject!"

"When, dear father, shall we go up to London?" she said, changing at once the subject.

"By this evening's mail. It will not take us long to pack up. Charles," he said, bitterly, "Oh! If it were not for thy happiness I could bear all my losses. But you will not desert me now?"

"It matters not, dear father. No one knew of my engagement with Charles but ourselves. My dear father, Charles never cared for the dowry. He said that he would never take it from you."

"Does he think I would give my penniless daughter to wife?"

"He is so rich, dear father; and then he loved me before he knew anything about my condition or prospects."

"A romantic love! One that last night's fire burned quickly out, you may be sure. You will hear no more of him. I do not wish you to hear more of him. I am not so lost to pride as to give you to him as a beggar! He shall not add to that my thus brought him not a penny!"

"He is too generous, dear father. But let us not talk upon this subject. This evening we will pay to London, and take pleasant rooms, and I dare say you will be speaking of the fine house here. I will be with you, and sing and play to you, and we will walk out together in the parks."

Walk!—you, child, we shall have to walk now. Oh! my daughter, that I, Colonel Standby, and landowner! only the doctor, being a London gentleman, did not put the 'h's' to these three words."

"I see you try to take this misfortune cheerfully, dear Emma. But I have thought many sad things, and that tonight vexes, in a sweet service, and that when you get by yourself you can pend-up heart will overflow through your eyes."

"No, dear father, no!" answered this interesting and truly noble girl, kissing him upon the forehead. "We are not so miserable. We shall see many happy days!"

"See you how the world is?" he said, with a groan: "In my poverty (for all hath known that I never learned, and that I have lost all) there is none so low as to do me reverence. When home I offered to me?—nay, I care not, but to thee—for thy sake, what doors fly open!

"But, dear father, it is not ten o'clock yet. They know not but we are with friends."

"Friends! I shall know who they are now."

At the moment there was a knock at the door. "Come in!"

The landlord of the Bell Inn opened the door, and making a low obeisance, at least as low as his round stomach would admit of bending, said—

"Colonel Standby, I believe?" he said, in a low and easy tone, and bowing with courtesy.

"Ah—about the identity of my money, I suppose. Nay, Emma, stay here. Tell him to enter."

"Some of hugs stations in Wellington boots, a buff vest, and in the uniform chief of police, came in a moment afterwards, bowing his tall hat reverence, and looking about him with a professional air of scrutiny, he said:

"Colonel Standby, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am the Marshal of the Police. I heard of your robbery a few minutes afterwards, and have arrested two persons, who, it is said, did it, and are now in prison. I have called to ask you to go with me to recognize them."

"Two said in prison—I have but one who attacked me, sir."

"Then it was that I was charged that the other was present, and aided and abetted."

"I saw no other than the man who took my pocket-book. There was but one to see an accomplice."

"Would you recognize the person who robbed you?"

"I would not by his face, but I think I would by his voice; besides, I have a mark upon him, if one indeed, but in the hands of the police it may turn to something. Here it is—a half kid glove, and in the fingers a pebble from the gravel walk."

"This is a gentleman's glove!" said the chief, with surprise and emphasis on the word gentleman.

"To be sure. It was a gentle—or genteel man who attacked me."

"Then it can be neither of these we have in prison," said the chief. "But will you be so kind as to accompany me to see them, sir?"

"I will go with you. Who told you to arrest the men?" asked the Colonel, rising.

"My lieutenant informed me that Captain Oakes, the magistrate, came to the station-house in the garden, ran to the spot, and saw a person escaping—he followed him, and pointed him out as he was getting away, and he was taken."

"That is fortunate. Of course the pocket-book was not in his possession, or you would have brought it to me."

"No. The accomplice probably received it, but as it was several hours before he was arrested, he had time to put it away. It was by an order and description of the pocket-book that the gentleman was taken; and of course I supposed you knew who he was."

"I gave no order. I have not even entered a complaint. This is one of the great troubles that I have to contend with."

"This is the order, signed by you, sir," said the chief, producing a piece of paper.

"I did it, but—"

The next moment Belmboy Oakes disappeared, and a little whispering took place between the chief and Colonel Standby.

"Oh, I forgot; so you said. It may be a bit guilty; but it is strange my name should be assumed!"

"The two men will be brought up for examination before the justice's bench to-morrow, and if the evidence is sufficient they will be held to bail, or be committed for trial."

"I will postpone my journey to London, then, sir, that I may be present and see the two men. It will do as well then as now. You will offer for bail, and you will be satisfied as regards the recovery of my money, Mr. Chief of the Police."

At this moment Mr. Belmboy Oakes came to the door, and looked in.

"What now, landlord?" asked the colonel, a little nervously. "Emma, if any one else comes in, you had best retire to the inner room."

"Captain Oakes is in the magistrate, sir."

"I have not the honor of knowing him."

"Army man, sir," rich and independent," said the host, with a nod and smile, as if he was confidential with the highest people in the county, and drives best horses! fast and free sort of a man, sir."

"I think I've heard of him. Emma, you had best retire, child. Does Captain Oakes with too see me?"

"Oh, yes, sir! He didn't chance to have a card with him, but begs to be permitted to see you for a moment."

"Return to Captain Oakes my respects, and show him up."

"Good morning, sir," said the Chief of Police: "I know of nothing further that I can do. To-morrow you will attend?"

"Yes, at the justice's."

"I will ask you if you know the number of your bank notes?"

"Not of all of the thousand pound ones; but the gentleman who paid them to me must know. Indeed, I had just taken the numbers before I was robbed: but there were two thousand pound notes in a separate apartment of my pocket-book, the numbers of which, with the dates I know."

"Can you recollect them?" asked the Chief, taking out his tablets and pencil.

"Yes. One was 13,533, December 24, last year, the other was consecutive, 13,534. Just in the present year. I recollect them from the singular coincidence of the two numbers having the same figures. There was also a five pound and a one pound note, and both of those were singularly marked."

"Please to describe how?"

"A dog-spot on the back of the former—"

"The five pun'?"

"Yes, on the five pound note a shop-keeper had stamped his name and street, as such was sometimes do, when notes pass through their hands, by way of advertising. I remember this man's name. It was Samuel Crighland, No. 37 1-2 Strand, London."

"This is important, sir," said the police officer, writing down this sentence.

"The one pound note had upon the back, evidently written by some wretched pendulum—"

"This is the first record of twenty thousand pounds, wasted in five years by extravagance and folly.

G. H."

"This is valuable information, sir!"

"I trust it will prove light on—"

"Good morning, Colonel Standby."

"Good morning, sir."

As the Chief of Police turned to go out, he met full in the face, and almost coming in collision with Belmboy Oakes, the latter gentleman. The latter turned suddenly pale upon discovering his bottom friend; but the Chief merely bowed to the amused down stairs, he recovered his self-possession, and said courteously,

"Colonel Standby, I believe?" he said, in a low and easy tone, and bowing with courtesy.

"Ah—about the identity of my money, I suppose. Nay, Emma, stay here. Tell him to enter."

Some of hugs stations in Wellington boots, a buff vest, and in the uniform chief of police, came in a moment afterwards, bowing his tall hat reverence, and looking about him with a professional air of scrutiny, he said:

"Colonel Standby, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am the Marshal of the Police. I heard of your robbery a few minutes afterwards, and have arrested two persons, who, it is said, did it, and are now in prison. I have called to ask you to go with me to recognize them."

"Two said in prison—I have but one who attacked me, sir."

"Then it was that I was charged that the other was present, and aided and abetted."

"I saw no other than the man who took my pocket-book. There was but one to see an accomplice."

"Would you recognize the person who robbed you?"

"I would not by his face, but I think I would by his voice; besides, I have a mark upon him, if one indeed, but in the hands of the police it may turn to something. Here it is—a half kid glove, and in the fingers a pebble from the gravel walk."

"This is a gentleman's glove!" said the chief, with surprise and emphasis on the word gentleman.

"To be sure. It was a gentle—or genteel man who attacked me."

"Then it can be neither of these we have in prison," said the chief. "But will you be so kind as to accompany me to see them, sir?"

"I will go with you. Who told you to arrest the men?" asked the Colonel, rising.

"My lieutenant informed me that Captain Oakes, the magistrate, came to the station-house in the garden, ran to the spot, and saw a person escaping—he followed him, and pointed him out as he was getting away, and he was taken."

"That is fortunate. Of course the pocket-book was not in his possession, or you would have brought it to me."

"No. The accomplice probably received it, but as it was several hours before he was arrested, he had time to put it away. It was by an order and description of the pocket-book that the gentleman was taken; and of course I supposed you knew who he was."

"I gave no order. I have not even entered a complaint. This is one of the great troubles that I have to contend with."

"This is the order, signed by you, sir," said the chief, producing a piece of paper.

"I did it, but—"

Here Belmboy Oakes suddenly raised himself, and with a proud look, and the flash of indignation mantling his temples, cried—

"Never! Not while I live! The daughter of Colonel Standby become a teacher! No, my child—Byrley my harshness; but I can bear my house burned, to be waylaid, and to be robbed and shot at but spare me that! Never—she not be chance! Forgive me, Emma, but if you wish not to grieve me, speak not to me upon such a subject!"

"When, dear father, shall we go up to London?" she said, changing at once the subject.

"By this evening's mail. It will not take us long to pack up. Charles," he said, bitterly, "Oh! If it were not for thy happiness I could bear all my losses. But you will not desert me now?"

"It matters not, dear father. No one knew of my engagement with Charles but ourselves. My dear father, Charles never cared for the dowry. He said that he would never take it from you."

"Does he think I would give my penniless daughter to wife?"

"He is so rich, dear father; and then he loved me before he knew anything about my condition or prospects."

"A romantic love! One that last night's fire burned quickly out, you may be sure. You will hear no more of him. I do not wish you to hear more of him. I am not so lost to pride as to give you to him as a beggar! He shall not add to that my thus brought him not a penny!"

"He is too generous, dear father. But let us not talk upon this subject. This evening we will pay to London, and take pleasant rooms, and I dare say you will be speaking of the fine house here. I will be with you, and sing and play to you, and we will walk out together in the parks."

Walk!—you, child, we shall have to walk now. Oh! my daughter, that I, Colonel Standby, and landowner! only the doctor, being a London gentleman, did not put the 'h's' to these three words."

"I see you try to take this misfortune cheerfully, dear Emma. But I have thought many sad things, and that tonight vexes, in a sweet service, and that when you get by yourself you can pend-up heart will overflow through your eyes."

"No, dear father, no!" answered this interesting and truly noble girl, kissing him upon the forehead. "We are not so miserable. We shall see many happy days!"

"See you how the world is?" he said, with a groan: "In my poverty (for all hath known that I never learned, and that I have lost all) there is none so low as to do me reverence. When home I offered to me?—nay, I care not, but to thee—for thy sake, what doors fly open!

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THE END'S OF LIFE

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Make me happy! make me happy!" is the language of every heart, and the desire of every soul. And happiness is to be desired; it is heavy travelling through days and years without down, by a beacon of sorrow; it is hard standing upon the pedestal of loud where the heart should be; it is hard to be a king and a queen, and a lord and a lady, even when many are bubbling up to be from a gold gate fountain, and the butterfly sitting down a rainbow—far from it; they are put here to be made good for something; to be, by attrition, by pounding, often by breaking, made fit to be happy themselves. Some jewels need more washing and polishing than others—but so it is with men. There are some men whose kernel is easily come at; others even the fruit has hard work to strip of their thick and rugged coverings—so it is with men. These last are strong and easily prepared for perfect happiness are early taken to enjoy it; but the others, the many natures, of the world and the universe ones, and the proud and selfish, have to be kept longer in "the work-shop of humanity," and more rudely handled. As well might a school-boy look for kites and marbles during school hours, as men look for unlimited enjoyment on earth. An undue expectation of happiness is the rock on which the young are constantly splitting. The fate of all that have gone before proves no warning to the present; they still prefer to launch the high seas of life—each one is sure that his fate will be more joyous than the fate of his predecessors—and out fly the white sails, boating the waves unshrine, till the keel of each deluded voyager is grating on the rock.

FAITH.

When civilized above the grossness of our material inclinations, we are the nearest to the perfect reflection of it. We soar above the sordidness that besets us in our ordinary walks of life, and, in the purer atmosphere—for in such moments our thoughts acquire the purity of the place—lift ourselves into that empyrean where darkness ends and light reigns everlastingly. Bound to the earth by many a fond tie, and weighed down by many a load of care, and sickness, and misery, we are but mortal, and we are but mortal, and we are but mortal, and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE SUICIDE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Sick of life and all its woes;
Longing for a deep repose;
Tired of harassing doubts and fears,
Lonely days and long drawn years;
Hurt from many a bleeding wound
Dealt to daring one and bound;
Hopes that fled with every day,
Ever gathering blacker gray;
Conditions, colored, bright,
Life's grim scourge now answered not;
Chested, outraged, and unbent,
Where could turn the hapless one?
Blackness gathered o'er his head;
And his ancient pathway strode
Over a dark and ragged way.
With no hope of morning day.
Wretched one; his heavy eye
Saw no more the sunlight skies
Could not see beyond the gloom
Closing 'round him like a tomb;
And in deep and dark despair,
With one wild and frantic prayer,
Rifled he in his worn life's sway,
Pressed the mystery of death.
Death! the very name is sweet,
And it soothes strangely sad,
To the heart, unbroadly joy or grief,
There to hasten for relief.
To relax brighter days were tried,
Judge one—hear him with his God.

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GLENN-WYTH LETTERS.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF JENNY BROWNE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Glenn-Wyth, June 29th, 18—.

One evening last winter, Jenny, while we looked on quietly at Mrs. Manning's gay parties, and listened to some delicious music from the band, I told you that I was going to write a house of my own this summer, resting it somewhere and of wonderful size and living in it as I pleased to—will," with only my two old friends, the coachman, John, and his wife Angeline, to keep me company. You pulled your fingers to pieces, and laughed in my face.

"Another of your wild goose chases, Dorrie," you said sarcastically. "When will you learn to be like other folks, and enjoy your fortune as I or any other sensible woman would do?"

Fitz Henderson came for you to waltz just then. You tossed your bouquet into my lap, and whirled away, with a merry smile on your bright face, at my folly. But I did not disappoint you, Jenny, because I knew I was in the right. It was all very well for you, who have become accustomed to the whirl of fashionable life, to waltz away with that fop, and laugh in your sleeve at my new idea; thinking the country could be compared to the city of New York; but I had a vision of a quiet and pleasant nook, where I might live my own life, trees, and be in no danger of shocking any one with my oddities. The dream would not be a long heart. So while you were dashing off to Saratoga with Fitz Henderson's startling air-line, I was seeking to make it a reality. I have done so at last.

I heard of this place early in May, and sent John on to secure it at once. This will explain his mysterious disappearance, over which you grew so pathetic. I thought I wouldn't tell you just then.

Glenn-Wyth (I hope the name is romantic enough to suit you) is a pretty brown stone cottage, standing about two miles from the village of Newton. The "bungalow," as it is called, winds just below this hill on which it stands, but is almost hidden from view by the maple trees between. From the parlor window you can catch glimpses of people riding or walking along, appearing or disappearing, through the trees, in a mysterious sort of way that reminds one of fairy tales.

There are five rooms in the cottage. The front door opens from a pretty, but somewhat ruinous porch, into the parlor, or as I will call it, the *salon*, christened it. This room is small and square, with walls and window-casings painted a buff yellow. My rose-colored curtains make the color wonderfully. At each of the two front windows is a large easy chair of crimson velvet (you know I longed in them many a time), between the windows hangs a mirror, with a bracket under it, and my piano occupies the vacant space below. At the "end window" stands my writing desk and escritoire my chair. A marble-topped table, covered with books and pictures, stands in the middle of the floor, a sofa in the opposite end, and a book-case, in the form of a Grecian temple, presented to me by a certain Mr. Jenny Browne. The statuettes and pictures you have seen so often in my room at home, are in the *salon*, and my writing desk stands my favorite portrait of John Milton at the age of twelve. I look at it more and more every day. Never mind, I will read to you, Jenny, till I meet a face like that—just such beautifully finished features, and with the same pure, sweet expression—just such large violet eyes, looking upward—just such curling locks of beautiful golden hair! John Milton died long ago—no other face in these degenerate days can be half so beautiful—consequently I shall live and die an old maid! And yet I saw a face much like this once. The violet eyes, the soft cheeks, the graceful chin, and heavy golden hair—ah, but I must not think of that! It gives me the heart-ache even now, and heart-ache at Glenn-Wyth is not to be thought of! Let me go on with my home.

The dining-room lies back of the parlor, and is a plain, pleasant room, furnished modest with a round table, some chairs, a sideboard, and a picture or two, most beautifully executed, which I could have some of the peaches and grapes depicted then. But they never grew among them with Glenn-Wyth sunbeams.

Now comes a wing built out on each side of the dining-room, which gives the cottage a very fanciful look. On the right hand side is the kitchen on the left, and overlooking a shaggy brook, are two small sleeping rooms, one of which is occupied by John and his wife Angeline, while in the other your humble servant dreams her golden dreams. So much for the in-door life.

Behind the house is a beautiful grove, from which the place takes its name, I suppose. Here the brook that sings beneath my window dances down from the hills, and we have, here, "Black Boy," as I pastured, and here I walk, morning, noon and evening, and sometimes nearly all day. I shoot here, too, and I don't hold the muzzle of my gun towards me, as you affirmed I would. To be sure I never kill anything—it is because I never try to. I have a mark in the shape of an Indian scalp, and will. It is some of John's hand-work. He goes out to look at it every day, and thinks himself a second Hiram Powers, I suppose. It is an excellent safety valve for my spirits. If I ever get rebellious or dejected, half an hour's banging away at "Tecumseh" is sure to set me up again. The fun of it is, the birds are so used to me and my weapon, that they sit around on the trees and fences all the time, and look gravely on, as if they were criticising every shot. Fancy being "at its spot" by a jury of robins and wrens!

The owner of Glenn-Wyth is of Welsh descent, as you have probably guessed. I have not seen him yet, but his name is written here and there over the walls, in a free, dashing hand. I greatly admire, "Hugh Llewellyn Powis." "Powis," you know, is a great family name in Wales; and John, who has an eye for "the quality," says he looks very much a gentleman. It seems he uses this little place during the summer months for a sort of refrigerator, but his home is everywhere and anywhere, like mine. He was here last fall, and threw months. The walls of my sleeping-room are ornamented with some beautiful studies of dogs and horses, for which I have great veneration. They are the work of my landlord.

I know you will laugh at me, but you need not. I'm not going to be romantic; and unless he has the John Milton face, he might draw all the dogs and horses in the world without affecting me. Still I mean to get the sketch of my dog, "Lion-Fidelius," and "Blink Bonny," if the two beauties will allow themselves to be drawn. The horse is a beauty, a fine combination of the rough-haired, ridiculous old terrier, kept by me because no one else thinks him worth the keeping, and because the foolish old fellow loves me like a child. Into the picture he shall go—I have determined on that!

It is growing late, and the fire-flies are flitting by round Glenn-Wyth in like so many diamond sparks. I suppose you are dancing away at Saratoga, now, or sentimentalizing in the hops with some moon-struck youth. And you will have to "go up till after twelve, or one" Oh, my dear, very idea makes me gasp and nod, and so, Jenny, good night.

Glenn-Wyth, July 28th, 18—.

A funny thing happened to me this evening, Jenny. You must know that I have made a deadstool directly back of the wings of the cottage, and was seated on a log with my sketch-book in place came into the bands of Mr. Powis, he thought I was eminently lazy, useful, and was about to walk away, leaving it open towards the glen and brook. John says he used to sit and smoke here of an evening. I know his taste in tobacco, by the delightful "look off" in the house, and I have got a habit of coming to the same spot myself, for I get a chilling, lounging on the low threshold, and dreaming by the pleasantest dreams. On the floor of the boards, you can see the place where the kitchen stove once stood, and on the walls the marks of a broom and its handle, as it swept out the ash iron. The neighbors here say that the first occupant of the house was somewhat untidy, and I suppose—swept up some coals one day, hung up the broom, and came back to find it on fire. Very low." The burning left a mark which will never be effaced while the old shed stands.

I have not been alone in this primitive place. A robin has had her nest on a little shelf at the back door, but the young birds have flown, and as she has followed them out into the world, while I have been absorbed in my sketching, I have not disturbed her. She has come to visit the place, I suppose, running about with their little mysterious disappearance, over which you grew so pathetic. I thought I wouldn't tell you just then.

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What did Mr. Powis do? He looked a little amused at the great dog dashed in among us, and greeted me with a noisy bark of joy; but when the cold nose was thrust into his hand, and the long tail wagged against his coat, he stooped down and patted the fulsome old favorite very kindly. He took a chair at last, and I thought he could have shaken hands with him then and there, because of that thing.

He did not stay long—he has been gone more than an hour, and it is nearly ten o'clock.

You will want to know how he looks. He is tall, slender, and somewhat dignified in his manner. He visits at Glenn-Wyth, I fear, very seldom, and is evidently a foreign accent that I like to hear. His face is very dark, his eyes and hair are also tache of the deepest black, and his teeth the white I have ever seen. When he smiles, which is not very often, his whole face lights up, and his teeth shine beneath his moustache, as if they were laughing, too. I suppose you would call him handsome—I may be in simply good-looking. But I have more personal friends than I desire, in this age of twelve, one can hardly imagine.

You spoke, in your last letter, of your engagement to Fitz Henderson. You mentioned it the last thing—I shall follow your example. You have given me a shock, I fear Jenny. He is not worthy of you. I know he is very wealthy; but that is all, and will not content you. I'll tell about it you, I know; yet I cannot help begging you to think again before you marry him. He has his fault is to be passed with him. He may do very well now, but how when trouble and sickness come? Will he watch over you with the care of a baby of the season, but I fear you would weary of him in the long run.

Ah, Jenny, don't be naughty—don't marry a man you do not love. I had Dr. Dunscomb down to Glenn-Wyth, and watch the squirrels with me. Ah, if you would but come. Write and tell me that you will not marry Henderson! Subdivisible gayeties for a time, and come to this quiet place, and you shall be as fresh as a rose.

July 12th, 18—.

Angeline roused me out of a dream on the hot afternoon, by bringing in your letter. I hate to be awakened suddenly. I was warm and tired from a long walk to Jenny, and I am "warmer, tired-er" (as children say), and very much inclined to scold you, Jenny, for writing me what you have done! You to marry Fitz Henderson! You for the next twenty days! Impossible, my pecoe. Hey pot be happy.

You say, "I suppose you and your pale, dark brown and its beauty, is a glorious Fourth in a most romantic fashion—firing crackers in the glen, and the house-dinner with Powis—Powis, I suppose—swept up some coals one day, hung up the broom, and came back to find it on fire. Very low." The burning left a mark which will never be effaced while the old shed stands.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

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RESPECTED MASTERPIECES.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

TOO FAST.

OUR TASKS portion of the human race are getting on too much steam. If the old ages were too slow, ours is becoming too fast. The men who built the pyramids were patient and thoughtful, and after thirty centuries their work remains to show; but what unplanned temple or column of ours will stand a thousand, or an hundred years? We are too impatient to sit still that we may be accomplished. Our zeal to get at the end—the fine—is such that we sacrifice solidity for display, and the majority of all arts, when the steaming batteries beat on them, crumble to dust. The granite is to shell, and the marble to the solid rock. Display is consulted, and not endurance.

Ours is the fastest nation, and ours are the fastest people on earth. The Republic was scarcely out of its teens—a Revolution hardly rocked its cradle, and ever after it spurned control and clothes. In the vast stations of mankind it started full grown, without infancy—as we pray it may without old age, dotage. Since its cradling, its strides have been electric and colossal. In a century it has stretched the pattern of Empire a thousand miles. It is all over a continent, and threatens soon to be all over a hemisphere and a continent—the way beyond among the Islands. It has run by every competitor on the seas. It has been a pioneer among the growing and importing populaties. It has built the fastest ships, carried the fastest mails, and delivered the fastest messages! Leading all, walking for none, the word FAST should be written on the flag, and a meteor for the field.

In this we do not believe "manifest," our destiny cannot be precipitated with safety. If we shake the tree of conquest or annexation too soon, the fruit falls green and withers. We must be careful and see that the springs are wound up and the pendulum, before we touch them. Deliberation is as necessary to nations as to individuals, and is often the salvation of both. We are too fast—too fast! If fighting could be settled, an American would seem about the safest. If he could be shot through in the scrape a view, he would abandon forty-bore at it. He is hope fighting against time, and though death stares him in the face. He can't wait—not that he is afraid of the shot—anything epical to do, but because he must "go it with a rush." It has become his characteristic—his second nature. He eats, drinks, sports, and even marries as though he felt the mention of a powder explosion at his back. His life is forced up, and his death comes by bursts. His existence it's a stampede, himself the rear guard, and he must find a funeral in the shortest possible time. He is always *going* to retire on his fortune and enjoy himself rationally, but death is generally too fast for him—he can't find, or rather can't spare time to live. Study his functional impatience, and care, and whether it will survive it and plowed in deep.

Four men! he must need his ways, or the worse for him and others. He must respect the integrity of body, mind and soul, or his life will be an evil, a burthen and a lie. It can be neither too slow nor too fast; the medium is our true speed. The only thing, in which fast and slow are not becoming too fast, is Americanism. The more and faster they cultivate that, the better We should be sharply Americans in all things. And we do not care—except favorably—how fast they are in setting all mankind the splendid examples in every good work and way. To be fast in this direction is safe and noble—would the rest of the world's heart beat lightning-quick with every fraternal and generous sentiment.

AMERICANS AND ENGLISH.

Probably there is no subject upon more false than one that prevails with some among us, to wit: that the American and English people are hostile towards each other—hostile on the score of experiences and memories connected with the struggle that separated the two. No considerable ill-feeling exists between the masses of these great peoples. What little does exist is confined chiefly to our side of the Atlantic, in pot-houses, where it serves for political clap-trap and the Congreve-rocket toucher in Fourth of July orations. Now in these any good reason for ill-feeling; on the contrary, there is every reason for amity and goodfellowship. George the Third and his controlling advisers were our foes, or rather the foes of our fathers, and they were not less the enemies of England—and the instigator of the subjugation of many of England's noblest souls, who, like the better class of Englishmen now, were with us in heart and word during the revolutionary strife.

England is, indeed, our competitor in the paths of commerce, art, manufacture, science and glory,—a generally right, open-handed rival; and we should be proud of the fact that our ancestral race are not so degenerate as to eschew competition with their descendants—albeit the fatherland is beaten in the race. We should feel proud that we can beat our own blood, by virtue of our freedom and youth; and all the prouder because that blood is yet warm and brave and worthy of our strife. To run madly or basely in an old race to take up food, is unworthy of the American character; and to be constantly thrusting it forward, as a reason for indulgence, is absurd. There is not a people on earth that might not by such a process—only go back far enough—get the start of the Americans, or with some portion of "the rest of mankind."

Every American who has passed much time in England, has found that there is only a warm, good feeling toward us among the English people, who have not been under the war question. Indeed, the men of them only know of it as an historical fact, for it was a matter of history before they were in it. It was our sole and great struggle, but England was fighting half the world, and the Revolutionary war, scarcely engraved on the memory of her people—though deeply on our own—is but a matter of history to them. Even those in the presence of an American, and never speaking of the Revolution, have no thought of it, and the Crown, rather than the people, evoked the war —under the tax of which the sinews of Britain suffer their bondage to this day.

There is much constituting England's glory in which we have no share—Shakspeare, Milton, all which she prides, of which we must ever be proud. Her Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon, and more so be the enemy without cause of the land that gave birth to these, and that bequeaths their doctrines thoughts and names to us in our own tongue, and in all the world in the language of immortality! So—these great nations, blended in tongue, ideas, literature—aye, and in blood, must be fraternal. They are one in the main in the glory to all the world. Let us be rid of narrow feelings in this matter. The mind of England respects the American mind, and knows that the greatness of either reflects lustre upon both. Let us banish all thoughts of the Old World—except the Third, and of the Revolution—save that it gave birth to the Republic, and made us a great nation instead of a petty colony.

FASHION.

Fashion is a strange master—a whimsical tyrant. It prefers variety to comfort, and novelty to convenience. It is the slave of change, and is in preference to a monotony of good taste. It ignores gradation and sequence, and is the slave of mental limits. It cannot be said that a bee nothing to wear. It is incurable to its blindness, and exists to the bad taste of others. Why is it? Is it because the man who wear and worship are blind of better taste? Is it because they have no taste? Do the public, of man or womankind, delight in contradiction and absurdity? Is it that the many there is much sober sense—they would prefer more than a hat-pinnacle to a bonnet, or trousers the imitation intimately succeeds.

Why is fashion? Why is it that we will wear what we know to be ridiculous and inconvenient? Why is it that we will look, and feel, and act foolishly, and be ashamed of it, and yet obey another, on the principle of a become of a woman), but daily, monthly, yearly; irresistible, disunion, opposition, if acted on by the general mind and will?

Then is her diploma to assure her a safe passage? Is it the strength longer than her silken cords? Can she exchange, night after night, if necessary, a home for a club without being a possible tackling of a refractory horse to a gig, at a moment's mechanical notice (please give me credit for rhyming)? Is it those who desire good government, but they will not have it? Why her balls-embers always, and her dress—the latest fancy of the hour? Is it because she is not a woman, but a fashion? Why her ball-rooms always crowded? Why her opera boxes filled? Why her bazaars, and forces, and slippers and things, and in Newport and Saratoga? Is it because she is free from knots of this critical moment, and will her politico-strings stand the strain? Heaven only her, what will she do with all that embellishment, ranged mass of hair? and where's her rung-night is now mainly? Or is it worse to be out of fashion? ask these questions.

One signum for Lady Doctors is, that women feel a delicacy about consulting with a male physician upon their states of body Fudge—I don't believe in such delicacy. I take it for granted that your doctor is a gentleman, and that you are not a fool; then, unless everybody's settled, you may say whatever you like to him, and the less you say about it, the more you'll respect him. Leave the room who can, and do. The amount of delicacy that is consulted in being bashful is nothing sure of an inquiry. These are inventions de saide to all tastes, and the sooner they are left to the "humane" love variety in costume. Nature is not a little their example—for she has given to her *amende* suits a year, and presents herself often under aspects as strange and inexplicable as human fashion.

THE PANIC.

The panic in financial circles has been so severe and long-continued that its effects will probably be felt and suffered for many months to come. And, on the whole, we think it has done, is doing, and will continue to do, much good. It has taught many people, of both sexes, who had become partially insane on the subject of personal and household expenditures, since wars in Europe and India has checked the extravagant and demoralizing spirit of the country—and for high-living, mental fancy, and costly jewelry. We say "other people's ends," because the man or woman who gets the credit, without *knowing costly wines and wines the money is coming to pay for the bill*, is decidedly jeopardizing the property of others.

But see how carefully the squirrel treasures up his provisions in his hidden cell, when winter is coming. He knows—he feels that it is; and he knows that he must live through it. Are you afraid of the winter of adversity, or of old age? Shoot, and *shoot, but learn!*

But a storm is brewing. See how the squirrel on the fence hurries home! He does not stupidly and foolishly wait till the storm arrives. He takes warning in time, and so he will escape all mishaps, unless you shoot him as he runs. Well, shoot if you will, but learn! Learn to take forethought—to anticipate dangers and difficulties, and so to be prepared for the worst, if the worst must come!

Shoot, but learn!

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LADY DOCTORS.

I have been called to an account by a friend whom I both love and respect, for an article in "Fresh Leaves" on "Lady Doctors." My friend charges me in this article with a want of sympathy for the class, and with throwing obstacles in the way of their success. It appears to me that he has not rightly read it; and lest others may labor under the same misapprehension, I will take this occasion to repeat, *viva voce*, that I do rejoice and sympathize, and that I think the more appealing in obtaining a foothold in the community; nor do I think this is inconsistent with the playful expression of my individual preference for a male physician, which I still most affectively prefer.

I am certainly as intelligent as my censor could be, as the alleged unmanly, cowardly feminine, some medical ladies have lately received at the hands of American men and Englishmen generally, who committed indiscretions during the lectures, for the purpose of forcing there ladies in leave. There are fashions, now, that seem to be found in all professions and employments, ready to brawl-mobbed, and to assault the female who presumes to be a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, or anything else that requires an educated and honorable intelligence in the use of its powers. It is not the most manly men who aspire to the medical profession, who have suffered such wrong. Literary women have and it is a matter of history that they have been met in the presence of an American, and never appealed to in vain. Besides, the women of England, and the Crown, rather than the people, evoked the war —under the tax of which the sinews of Britain suffer their bondage to this day.

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MANNERS.

There is but one true, inviolerable aristocracy, and that has its foundation in good manners and sound morals, coupled with intelligence. Indeed, where manners and morals are right, the intelligence is never wanting. The best conditions of life and society are furnished—depending for their continuance upon chances; but good manners and sound morals can be swept away by no accident or misfortune, being self-inherited and imperishable. Abundant, and almost perpetual compensation is that the best and noblest of men may spring from the lowest temporal ranks, and that their virtues, talents, and honors may be acquired by men of obscurest origin. What is it, then, that can, and may properly, distinguish men in our regard, and lift one above another, on the principle of aristocracy? Why, simply this superiority of manners and morals. Just so far as men excel in this direction, they are better and nobler than their fellows. They are an aristocracy; refusing, in the very nature of things, to mix or assimilate with inferior conditions—just as oil refuses to mix with water. The highest aristocracy is that marked by these signs, and while its ill-concerned, and unfortunate person can be a gentleman, the most foremost gentleman in all the world is he whose manners and morals are best. These are the basis and only capacity of the highest order of man.

Taking our position as granted, we sadly fear for our country's future. To the observing there is much to excite the most profound alarm for the market as our testimony to trifle with, and triangle on, manners and morals. This is particularly true of the commercial and political world. Reverence and modesty have little to do with either. We have long enough been the mockery of their fathers, and are growing worse day by day. It is a universal complaint that we have no manly male obeisance to age, or in any way treat it with marked respect. Not so were their fathers and mothers, whose son or old they believe it. The manners of the young are become a reproach to the age—a reproach that will be visited upon us. If the school-master is abroad, he has sadly neglected his duty in this point of view, if he cannot compass to them and to society—good manners and morals! Better school them more in these, even at the expense of algebra and logic. Here alone is where our age is falling off and backward, and is where we must turn its face forward. The evil we see to it that we do not plunge down beyond recovery.

TAX-RIDDEN

One of two things is certain—either our city is the most expensive in the world to govern, or it is the worst governed. Less than eight years ago it was taxed $12 millions a year; now, the tax-levy is over eight millions. This is nearly the cost of the whole State of Massachusetts, with all her institutions, and far more than the cost of any State government in the Union. Our tax list nearly trebled in eight years! What this ratio would bring us to in fifty years is astonishing to think of. Our city is rapidly electing extremes and ex-*tremes*. Our city government is become a spoil for the strong, who are seeking not alone for everything but the purse which they hope to grasp by means of influence. Committees, and heads of bills of departments.

The contract system, intended to secure the most economical service to the city, is in reality but to facilitate plunder. Public property and offices are but the spoils of trade, and feeds, in short, are quite few as from tax, being as comparatively exempt as freeholding, which in some Republics also pays its own way, costs us—practically done —half a million. New Orleans, not a quarter as large as our city, realizes a quarter of a million from her markets; New York realizes less than a million, and pays over seven for the privilege. As much more ought to come from the use of our public wharfs and railroads. Our wharfage brings but a fraction ($\frac{1}{4}$) its real rental value.

And then we are plunging downward in a stock-jobbing mania, which must bring revolution or ruin—that is, if the clam who bear the brunt of the load, or will not be crushed by the rest of our city from the backs of robbers. There is not a single item of our city government that is economical, but they will not have it. Verily we are a tax-ridden and long-forbearing people

A GOOD NAME.

The wise man tells us that a good name is better than great riches. The truth of this is plainly illustrated in the observation that, when it is lost or gone, no amount of money will buy it back. No man can be considered rich who has not at least a good name. But, if not the rich, how much less can he be said to be their all. To be rich or poor is it, is to be ruined in soul and business life alike.

There is no way in which we may so readily come to an appreciation of our own good name, as to consider how important character is in others with whom we deal. Whether in mercantile pursuits or services, we prefer a lawyer or a physician of good character to one of no character whatever. Hundreds as they are, we cannot dispense with its safeguards even in them. But how transcendently important it is in the case of him or her whom we desire to see as a confidant. Then we realize that such a quality is indispensable to our peace.

With these considerations before them, how can people live lightly with the good name of their neighbors? We can conceive how envy and malice might furnish sufficient motive for the tongue or pen of the slanderer. But for the subtlest of motive to the mere gossiper it is hard to account. Yet there are people who have had the misfortune of education, or experience, and are themselves ignorant of a good name.

In the whole field of scandal, from the most malicious to the most thoughtless gossip, there is nothing more contemptible and filthy combined—meanness and folly of the most despicable and pitiable kind! The perfect fool and the perfect scoundrel work from the very depths of it with pain and disgust, as they rummage the golden mire, and think of the inestimable value of a good name!

FAST HORSES AND "MATCHED TEAMS."

There has never before been such a "sacrificing" of fast horses and matched teams as during the last month. The sudden extravagance of many families having been checked by lack of cash and credit, they have commenced selling off their fast horses and carriages, and discharging coachmen and dressing up like a toadstool under the blaze of the noonday sun. Hence the glutting of the markets with choice horses, costly carriages, pampered dogs, and other signs of inflated aristocracy. When there is no bread in his cupboard, a man cannot afford to supply his horses' manger with oats; or his daughter's pet dog with sweetmeats. People who have heretofore neglected the useful lesson will now, if ever, learn it, namely, to live within their means. That is the true secret both of individual and national prosperity.

WIT AND WISDOM.

GLEANED AND SELECTED—PUBLISHED EXTEMPORE FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

WHAT is called prudence may be carried too far. Prudence should no more be prominently noticeable in a man than modesty in a woman. When the "many-sided" man is always seen carefully supporting both sides of a prevailing, furious clan eighth to take them by the head and shoulders and throw him the other side of the abuser. An instance of over-caution and over-preparation is given by the Cincinnati Times in the case of a man who, in Kentucky, after having to sup a chair, went back three miles after his pistol, which he had left at home, for fear he might be attacked by robbers during the night. A man who has laid down on the wrong side to receive his breath. And, in our own city, we have an instance of caution in the banker's clerk, who, in giving evidence on a trial for forgery, said: "When I re-load the check the next day, I do look like the hand-writing of Mahlon Higbee, but when I do hold it that way, it's not as if Mahlon Higbee's signature, to that, upon the whole, I should say was about anything."

PRODIGALITY is a serious fault. The human heart is like a feather-bed—it must be roughly handled and well shaken to prevent the increase of lumps. With generosity comes the withering discovery that quickness is not happiness, for the sentiment which is most valued on the sun of our fortune is brightest. Very often, too, we are only the more ostentatious, as well as wasteful, for being vexed in fortune's blanket, and having our heads turned, by being tossed in the air from corner to corner. It matters little to be worth money if we are worth nothing else.

It is the fashion to call the publisher, whose, by common calling, to spreads and diffuses the issues of his brain and his mind, one who sacrifices the last interest to the second world, has before him the example of nature, who, by arrangement of her laws, has made the sun the only luminary in the darkness and ill-humors of the atmosphere. Even should the publisher be a man of genius, and his publication be a work of genius, he is not worth more than the expression of our fortune is brightest. Very often, too, we are only the more ostentatious, as well as wasteful, for being vexed in fortune's blanket, and having our heads turned, by being tossed in the air from corner to corner. It matters little to be worth money if we are worth nothing else.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A YOUNG man name Grierson, who lived near LAKE George, hung very head of servants, kept quite a vehicle to convey them to and from the depot, and was in the habit of handing to whom his power over such respectable. The other day, while on his way to the train, his coachmaster struck. So large was his shock, just beneath his left ear, that the unfortunate man was immediately sent into a coma.

A COPPER of theTestament, named Houston and Dongan, while on their way down the Mississippi, lately got into a fight with a party of Irish, and severely cut each other literally. Houston's left eye was gouged out, his under jaw was nearly bitten off, and his body severely injured. Dongan was severely bitten off, and his body severely injured. Dongan was severely bitten off, and his body severely injured. Dongan was severely

THE BOUQUET'S COMPLIMENTS.

BY GEORGE P. PERCIVAL.

To this, the pure, the bright, the good,
We offer, a gentle nature-bred,
From sunny science and lovely eyes,
From sweet and soft and fairy grot,
With dews from nature's diamond mine
To worship at thy beauty's shrine,
And bid thee in the simple lay
Our own endearing Queen of May:

By my fair hearing in sweet and still
We often heard thy lovers tell
With gesture wild and frenzied start,
How very beautiful thou art!
They called thy swanlike throat, brighter for,
Than sweetest flower or brightest star;
They said that happiness had made
The beauty of thy liquid cheek—
And that thy lip was like the rose
That richest blush the ocean knows—
And we have come without a sigh
To see them, hear them, and to die.

And it is true, dear Queen of May,
All that we heard thy lovers say!
The rosiest rose when with dews kept
Is not so red as thy soft lips;
The sweetest star that ever slept
Not so soft as thy blue eyes;
Our jasmine's breath, though deemed divine,
Is not so sweet, but oh, so faint;
The loveliest stars we used to see
Are dim and cold, compared to mine;
And there's no bird, in field or grove,
Can match thy gentle tones of love.

And now, dear Queen, accept, we pray,
The homage we have come to pay;
Our life, we know, is very brief,
But yes in joy, and rest in grief,
Our hits will close if we may glow
A while upon thy brow's serene,
Or die—O, loveliest of girls!
In the warm sunshine of thy smile.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "GUERNSEY, THE SOLDIER-BOY," "THE OUTCASTS OF MORAY," "AGATHA, THE WITCH," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A NEW MISSION.

In a few days Bion had got his business so arranged that he could leave the ship under the charge of his second mate, and start for the old home with Jack Wallace in company started for Cayuga County. They had a pleasant trip, and arrived safe and sound. Bion stood like one entranced before he beheld when he first met her. She has received a letter from her two days before and was expecting him. She had not made an effort to beautify herself. Her dark hair and joyous, and to give such welcome as the noble youth deserved, had been her aim. She wore a robe in pure white, and her hair, which lost grown to a dark, lustrous brown, hung in long curls over her neck and shoulders, while about her brow she wore a wreath of flowers. Bion loved the sweet flowers, and however he had been at the Islands during their bloom, he had been in the habit of wreathing them into a crown for Cora to wear.

She met him now alone, and the meeting was one of purest joy and bliss. The beautiful girl rested her head upon her lover's shoulder, and while the warm tears trembled upon her long, dark lashes, she said:

"Oh! it is a blessed season, Bion, when you return."

"If it is blessed to you, dearest, what must it be to me?" returned our hero. "Ah! you can hardly realize the pure joy I feel that we meet to-day, after so many months spent upon the trackless deep! Oh! you are a precious being, Cora! You are a pure and noble girl!"

"Don't flatter me, Bion."

"Yet I will speak the truth."

"And yet you have made me what I am."

"No, Cora. Oh, my soul no. I made you? No. God made you. I found you a pure bud of promise from His almighty hand, and you have only blossomed after your own nature."

"I won't dispute you, Bion; but you don't know what pleasure I take in feeling that you have been my guide and my guardian, and that to you I owe a lifetime of gratefulness love!"

"Well, well, dearest,—my feeling, or impression, or belief, which leads you to love me, you shall surely cherish."

"But you wrote me that a near and dear friend was coming with you, Bion. Has he come?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Who is he?"

"I want you to see if you do not recognize him."

"But I take off this chaplet of flowers first."

"No, no, Cora. Oh—don't remove them. They cannot add to your beauty, but they do hold beauty in themselves. Come."

Gideon Huntley arose from his seat as his son entered, and when his eyes rested upon the youthful maiden he gave a start, and a flush came to his face. A shuddy spell passed over him, and when his face with his hands, he bent into tears

Cora sprang forward, and sprang to her feet, soft, while arms about his neck, and in an eager, heart-sent tone, she cried—

"Father—what is it? Look up."

"*Father?*" uttered the man, looking up into the beautiful face that bent over him.

"*Bion's father?*" she said, brushing back the dark, silver-sprinkled hair from his brow. "Bion's father, and mine to love. You will love me as you love Bion?"

Bion himself was for the moment torn and bewildered by conflicting emotions. The manner of Cora's instinctive recognition of his father and the thrill of deepest joy and gratitude to his soul, while the quickness and assurance of her recognition equally astonished and puzzled him. As for Jack and his good mother, they were confident that she had been informed of the character of the new guest.

Gideon Huntley was about to speak the light form, and in broken accents murmured—

"Love you?—oh, how could I help it! God grant that love for me may be as true while I live!"

As soon as the parent had become calm, he turned to Cora, and said in a low, tremulous tone:

"You wonder at my strange behavior, but you will not when I tell you what causes it. Years ago I met a beautiful maiden, and upon her brow she wore a turn of flowers. It was thus I first saw her, and that I first loved her. She looked as you look. When my heart first opened to receive her image, she appeared to me as near like the presence I beheld in yourself, that for the instant I saw my fondly loved wife alive before me! I cannot explain it. It was a strange phantasy. But surely the feeling came over me that the spirit of my angel wife stood in my presence. Had I been before a congregation of a thousand people I should have done just as I did. I had no power to help it."

Bion now noticed what he had never noticed before. He could see that Cora did strongly resemble the picture of his mother. She had the same full forehead; the same arching brows; the same large, lustrous eyes; and the same pure, low-lying, gentle tone pervaded the whole face.

"But," he said, "how did you know my father so readily?"

"Oh—I knew it!" the loving girl cried, sinking her arms more tightly about his neck. "I would not leave me now. Let me be to you as I was before!"

"Well, well—perhaps I shall not. But see: now that I am likely to become rich, oughtn't I to have a rich wife?"

"Yes, Bion,—and you shall have one. Oh! I will bring you such a mine of love, that a lifetime shall not even use up its interest."

"Blessed Cora: you speak the truth; and in doing so you give wealth to my own feelings."

Gideon Huntley told Bion he must not be jealous, for he meant to make very free with Cora's companionship. In fact, from the moment on which he met her at their first interview, his heart had gone forth to her with a love as pure and warm as ever parent felt for a cherished child. And she, too, felt that the father of her affianced She loved him because he looked like Bion; and she loved him because he was good; and she loved him, too, because she could not help it. They clasped closer together; and they wandered about over the hills and vales together; and if there was one thing about which they conversed more than another, when they were alone, it was about Bion.

One evening, while the party were all in the little sitting-room, some one knocked at the front door. Bion sat nearest, and he arose to answer the summons. As he opened the door he found an old woman standing upon the piazza. The moon was beamed on the bent figure and scarcely upon her startled

"Does Mrs. Wallace live here?" she asked, in a low, hoarse tone.

"She does," answered Bion.

"Has she a son called Jack?"

"Yes."

And is there a girl here named Cora?"

Our hero hesitated. What could this old woman want with Cora? As the thought passed through his mind it was answered by another, which caused him to start with a sudden emotion. It was Margery Grant!

"Yes," he finally answered, "there is a Cora Page here."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes. Come in."

"But I am poor and ragged, sir."

"Never mind that, Margery. Come in. I guess we can find room for you."

"Eh! What! It isn't! It can't be! Mr. Isotle boy—me darlin' Bion!"

"Yes. I am Bion; be come in."

Margery hobbled into the hall, and from thence she followed the youth into the sitting-room. As the light struck her coarse, wrinkled face Cora started from her chair and caught her by the hand.

"Aunty!" she cried, with real pleasure. "Why, Aunty, where did you come from?"

Bion saw that Margery was sinking back, and he placed a chair for her; and as she sank into it she uttered—

"It can't be! Margy makes alive, is isn't! It's a specter, it is! It shall be dealin' Cora!"

"Yes, it is, Aunty. I am Cora—the same Cora whom you brought up from a mere infant, and who ran away from you at last."

"And you know I never blamed you for it, me darlin'. But it is alive! Bion, me boy, what is it? Why—Is it so long? Have ye grow'd so much?"

"Ah, Aunty; it is about eight years since I left you. Time flies swiftly."

"So it does; so it does!"

By this time the others of the party had discovered who the visitor was, and they were introduced to her. But when Bion's name was pronounced a fearful herself in utterances of astonishment and disbelief. However, she finally settled in the old youth. "Can dark cousin's a lawyer, with a face like a rotten and dried portaler, come to my house and seized me? I shall be dead when I see five years old. He said I should be paid well. I told him I wouldn't be paid well. I told him I wouldn't very particular in them times. He agreed what he should pay me, and then he told me that the boy was dead. Awwwwnever, a few days arterwards, my uncle, Christopher Huntley, came to my house with you, and there he left ye. He made me promise that I would bring ye up as if ye shouldn't know yer own name, nor nothin' about yer own family anyway. He wanted yez first name changed, but I told him I wouldn't try that. I used to make ye believe that ye was a poor orphan, and that ye folks had been poor, too.

"The first night ye was in my house, Bion, ye won my love. I had yez to bed, and after I went I thought I'd look at ye. I went to yer room and found ye asleep. Yer locks hands war clasped over yer breast, and yer cheek was wet with tears. I kissed ye my sensible.' I listened.—Margy Morrison?—That was what ye said; and it touched me to the heart. I'd say nay, I never spoke a more word to ye. But I found one trouble. Ye had a picture of yer father and mother. I knew'd that from pictures would keep your parents alive in your mind and your mother 'specially; and yet I couldn't bear to take 'em away. Ye know it all now."

Bion thanked her kindly and then remarked—

"I don't see, Aunty, how you got into such a house. Had you been an ugly, evil-minded woman, I shouldn't have wondered; but you were always kind; and I never saw anything much out of the way in your life. How was it?"

"*It was this face!*" uttered the old woman, raising her trembling hand to her rough, repulsive features. "This face did it. Nobody would trust this face. It stuck to me, and I couldn't hide it. If I tried to find honest work—if I asked for decent employment—they looked at my face, and said, 'No!' They knew a woman told me if I took a house she would do me an advertisement for the papers that would help me. So she wrote to me. The children would be taken and boarded, and taught anything their friends wanted them taught. And I received a letter, and, last I found, I was the

"Why—how should I?" returned the maiden; "Have I not seen your picture of him a hundred times? And, more still, I think my love would have found him out."

Gideon Huntley had grown to resemble the likeness more than Bion was aware of. The change from a worn and wasted sufferer to a strong and healthy man had been so gradual as to be unperceptible in the work upon the face. The deep bronze had given way to a natural purity of color, and the various features had become full and perfect. He had grown young again, and was still a handsome man.

As Bion examined the picture in the locket now, and compared it with the face of his father, he was not surprised that Cora had recognized him.

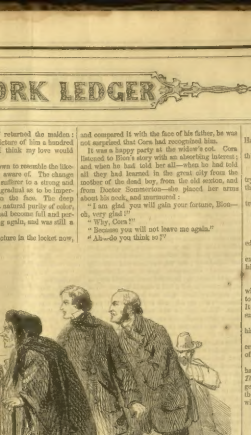
It was a happy party at the widow's cot. Cora listened to Bion's story with an absorbing interest; and when he had told her all—when he had told all they had learned in the great city from the mother of the dead boy, from the old sexton, and from Doctor Somerton—she placed her arms about his neck, and murmured—

"I am glad you will gain your fortune, Bion—oh, very glad!"

"Why, Cora?"

"Because you will not leave me again."

"Ah—do you think so?"



MARGERY GRUFF CONFRONTING CHRISTOPHER HUNTLEY IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

"Well, Lattimore, what have you learned? Has he ship come in?"

"Yes, sir. It came in over a month ago. I think it was the day after your walk-ditch."

"And where is he?"

"I don't know, sir. He has a plegs in the country somewhere that he visits. I know he goes by the canal."

"Well, now tell me, do you think he is on my track? Do you think he suspicions anything?"

The attorney hesitated.

"Come, come—speak out!"

"Well, I do think so."

"Ha! I thought so! But what have you learned?"

"The most I have heard came from Captain Alexander Puffer, the one with whom the boy made his second trip."

"I know him well. But what has he told?"

"He has said that there was a man in this city who should trouble when Captain Bertrand new it, to open his character to the gaze of his fellows. It was a wealthy man, he said, and one who was respected."

"Ahs! That's it, is it?" uttered Huntley, with his fits rightly compressed, and his hands clenched.

He paced to and fro across the apartment several times, and when he stopped, there was a look of demoniac meaning upon his face.

"Herndon Lattimore," he whispered, "twice have I attempted to rid myself of that incubus. *The third time will not fail!* Bring me the intelligence that he is dead, with sufficient proof of the same—bring it to me within a week—and I will pay you the five thousand dollars?"

"Five thousand?"

"Aye."

"It shall be done, sir?"

"Enough. But mark—you must spot him the moment he arrives in the city."

"He shall be looked to."

"That's enough. Leave me now. I am not in a mood for talking."

"By heavens!" the merchant said to himself, as soon as he was alone, "I have commenced this work, and it shall be carried through! Oh! why didn't I put my foot upon the worm at first? When I carried him to Margery Grant's, I might just as well have carried him to his grave! But they swore that they could make him forget everything. And yet I might have known better. He was too bright a child for that!—Who in the name of decency is coming now?"

The door opened, and a servant looked in.

"No, no—I'm not in."

"But there are two men, sir—"

"I don't care. I can't see them?"

The servant was withdrawing, but the moments he returned.

"Please now" cried Huntley, angrily. "I isn't my order sufficient for you?"

"But the men say they must see you, sir!"

"Why? I will not see them."

The servingman retired again; but the door had hardly been closed ere it was opened with a decided movement, and two men strode into the apartment.

"How now, sirs?" cried the merchant, with a flashing eye, and with his hands clenched.

"You must pardon us, sir," said Bion, very calmly, at the same time taking a seat near the door; but our business was of such a character that we could not postpone it. Perhaps you do not recognize me."

"I neither recognize you, nor do I wish to know you, sir. The door is close by you. I trust you will have the kindness to put me to the necessity of calling my servants to show you out!"

"Not unless you are more civil, sir," returned our hero, with an almost pitying look. "If you do not recognize me, I will help you. For some seventeen years I have been called—Bion Bertrand!"

With a smothered cry Christopher Huntley started up from his seat; but as a second more he fell back into it, and covered his face with a moment of terrible trial for him; but with a mighty effort he at last succeeded to master him self, and—he managed to quell the nervous quaking, and command his voice.

"Bion Bertrand—Bion Bertrand!" he uttered, in a hoarse, unnatural tone. "Ah, yes—I remember the name. It was the name of the boy of the same sailed in a ship in which I had an interest. Were you the boy, sir?"

"Yes, sir. I am the person," returned Bion, in a low, deep tone, at the same time heeding a look upon the worst passions of the man before him. "Your memory is quite good. But don't you remember something further? Can't you call to remember when I sailed in the ship Alabama?"

"Ye, yes—I can't say that I do; though I remember of having heard some one tell or some of your adventures in the ship you have named. I think you were cast away, or left on a wreck."

"Yes, sir, I was. But don't you remember that I was left in charge of a certain trunk?"

"I have answered that question once, sir."

"Pardon me once more. I did not think you might remember better upon second thought."

"Beware, sir!" hissed the wicked man, seeming to forget his fears in the swift passion of hating the terror that had come upon him. "You seem to mean us mild. You are not here to play your games or else you have mistaken your man. If you have business, tell you present it at once, as I would be alone."

"Ah, Christopher Huntley, you will never be taken spitefully' pensioners upon you in this woman time. "You have a dark companion in your own bosom, and he is your worst enemy."

The merchant clasped his hands upon his knees as to hide the sudden pain that had seized his frame. The flush which had a moment before been upon his face was gone, and he tried to shrink away from the gaze of the one who spoke.

"But," continued the youth, "let me ask you another question. Do you not remember when I found a home at the place which I left when I first went on board the Alabama? Can't you call it to mind?"

"I—I—must admit, sir, that—you—are very—and so direct in your questions, that I scarcely—they are—very edifying to me, sir."

"I suppose they must be, sir. But tell me: Don't you remember good old Margery Grant?"

Christopher Huntley had been expecting this, but he was so well prepared for it as he could be; and the manner in which he answered the question was indeed signified that he remembered the old youth knew no more—that he could not go beyond that point. But the fear of his living with Margery he had no knowledge of mistrust.

"Margery—what did you say her name was, sir?"

"*Grant,*" answered Bion.

"Grant! No. I can't say that I ever heard the name. But, really—this is becoming insufferable. What, in the name of common sense, have I to do with an old nurse?"

"One moment sir: If you do not remember Margery Grant, perhaps you may remember a man who came to see me before I went to sea. Rascal Lattimore, his name was, sir."

Christopher Huntley lost its equilibrium for a moment.

"You may try as gentle me with questions which are all Greek to me, sir; but you surely can not expect answers to them."

"Then you have of no such man?"

"I do not, sir."

"Pray I must ask you another question, sir. Do you remember a Mrs. Bowles—Miss Josephine Bowles?" She kept a boarding-house in Pearl street, I think."

The merchant grasped the arms of his chair for support.

"Oh!" proceeded Blois, with the utmost coolness, "if you do not remember her, do you remember a doctor, named Horace Somerville? Or do you remember two black girls named Lina and Lucy? Do you remember a Mrs. Lorena Gardner, who kept a very large and fashionable boarding-house in Church street? Or, if you don't remember her, you may remember a dying woman, named Delphine Hurtzar, and her little son, named Jack—at—might I call it your mind a pet name, Jack? Mary Duncan, who goes out and plants flowers upon a little grave which bears a frail falsehood upon the marble slab at its head? Say, sir—tell me, Christopher Huntley—if you can remember all this! Tell me! Tell me! Can you remember the little frozen corpse you buried in winter, and how a poor woman stood hidden from the crowd and wept? Tell me! Tell me!"

But he could not tell them. His white lips and like one who had been stabbed to the heart! His face was deathly pale; his hands clasped upon the arms of his chair like the claws of a bird of prey, and his frame quivering as though with the ague. However—he had a game to play, and he was determined it—and he only waited until he could call back intelligence to his eyes. So he looked up and met the piercing gaze of the young man. There was one more struggle, as of one who has calculated the cost, and then he spoke:

"I don't know, sir, what you aim at—whether you have mistaken your man or not; whether you mean to insult me; or, what is all as natural, whether you are on enough insane."

"Christopher Huntley, do you want further proof? Am I not your nephew? Were you not the only survivor of my father's family? And how did work you not appointed my guardian? And did you not die of my father's money? Have you not job use of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"No! no!—never!" shrieked the terror-stricken man, starting from his chair and bringing his hands violently together. "I did not! I did not!"

"You did not?"

"How did I? My nephew died, and was buried! Do you think to make such a suspension piece of impossible stories?"

"Christopher Huntley, are you still determined to face it boldly out? Will you not give up to me the fortune you wrested from me?"

"Out upon thee, knave!" the merchant hissed. He was strength up to that point, and every nerve held him above faltering. "If you think to rob me thus you still lie!"

Blois arose and threw open the door. The merchant looked out into the hall, and saw a crowd of people there. The first face he met was that of Wallace.

Christopher Huntley fell sank back into himself, and the expression which finally settled upon his face seemed to imply that he meant to bear all that was to be heard and see again.

"Wallace," said Blois, standing upon one side, and near the centre of the doorway, "do you know of me?"

"Why, sir!" returned the old sailor, "I know that nine years ago I lay on from the house of Margery Grist, and took pr aboard the Aldebaran. I have been with ye ever since. We have always enjoyed over four-and-twenty hours during the whole time. I can swear to that."

"Very well. We'll ask another."

As Blois spoke Margery Grist entered the apartment. An audible groan escaped from the merchant.

"Margery, what do you know of me?"

"Why—I know that sixteen years ago last winter Mr. Christopher Huntley decided for me by my house and hired me to take ye. He hired me to bring ye up as though ye were my own child, and yer true name was *Ben Huntley*—or, at any rate, that ye'd always gone by that name—but I was to make ye think yer name was *Bernard*; that par pernts were poor, and both died long afore. In fact, I was to bring ye up as if ye were a nevvier who or what ye was. I can swear to all that!"

"Oh! What an accursed lie!" shrieked the merchant.

But Blois noticed him not, save to keep an eye upon his movements.

"I'll ask again.

At this Mary Duncan entered the room.

"What do you know of Ben Huntley?" one hero asked.

"I know that sixteen years ago last winter a man named Jeremiah Lattimore came to see my sick boy. The boy died, and Jeremiah Huntley bought the body. I saw that body placed in a coffin—for I was in the room—with the name of Ben Huntley upon the lid. And I saw it buried in that manner; and the coffin, with the remaining bones of my own boy in it, now lies beneath the stone which bears your name, sir. I can swear to that."

"I'll ask again.

Harry Lattimore came in, and he testified to all he knew.

I was called to attend the nephew of Christopher Huntley—his name was Ben. I found him sick from the effects of an emetic powder which had been administered by his mother. For a certain sum of money I kept the boy sick a few days. Then I saw two negro girls carried away by force, and while they were gone the boy was taken away! I was to have the removal, and was informed that as dead, and for a certain other sum I gave the souls a false certificate, setting forth that Ben Huntley, eight years and five months, had died, while under my treatment, of inflammation of the bowels. I can swear to all that!"

"And now," pronounced the youth, "I have but one more to call. All others who know of the matter are dead or out of your reach, sir. Then having to the man who had accompanied him in, and who had been within the hall during the whole time, a witness more."

"My dear friend, what do you know of Ben Huntley?"

The man arose, and a tremor shook his frame. It was some moments before he could control the emotions sufficiently for speech; but he did it at length.

"I knew Ben Huntley onward twenty years ago last spring. When he had grown to a great, big child, and could laugh and play, and tell his wants, I went away to sea. Business called me to a distant clime. I settled up my business, and sailed. In the Chinese Sea our ship was taken by pirates, and robbed and wrecked, and I was carried away and sold into bondage. The people at home heard of the finding of the wreck of the ship, and I was supposed to be dead! But years passed—"

"Great God of Heaven!" at this point burst from Christopher Huntley's lips. He had started to his feet, and taken a step forward. His frame shook like the aspen, and his eyes seemed to start from his head in terror and astonishment.

"Gimme—sir murmurs? No! It is a fool plot! A plot got up to ruin me!"

"Christopher," spoke the returned man, in a low, solemn tone, in which enormous pain lurked as pain and pity, "surely you will not deny your brother. Look at me. Oh, my brother, look. Do you not remember the bright hours of our childhood—when we played together about our mother's knee? Do you not remember the many seasons of pain and uneasiness you have caused your friends by your precipitancy and unloving greatness? Christopher, had I no child upon whom to bestow my love and care, I might but you was four race of evil; but it cannot be now. Yet you can do better. You can be a better man. Restore to me my due, and I will not tell your crime. These people will not expose you, for thereby they would only expose themselves. Say, my brother—has this ill-gotten wealth made you happy?"

For some time the stricken man had gazed into the speaker's face with a look of intense eagerness; but now his head was bowed, and his face covered with his hands. He remained so for a full minute, and then he arose to his feet, looked around, and strode across the apartment; and as he came back he approached his brother, and placed both hands upon his shoulders, and looked into the stranger's face awhile, and then, as his bodily power seemed suddenly to leave him, he fell forward upon a sofa, and covered his face again.

"The last blow has come! I am grounded, in a trembling, agonized tone. "I might have prevented all this! *But your eagle have entered the boy through and her!* And I—I—I—I—I have caused the father?"

"Mercifal Heaven!" cried Gideon, in accents of pain and astonishment. "Christopher Huntley, do you, even now, with all this proof loud as guilt upon your shoulders, wish that you had not drank crime upon your soul?"

The merchant started as though something had been overheard which he had not meant for other ears than his own. He arose to his feet, looked glance up into his brother's face, and then white ground.

"Leave me now! Oh! go and leave me! If you feel as you profess to feel, let me be alone! I am—I—I—I—I—I cannot stand. I—I—I—I—I—I see me!"

"But I must first know something of what you mean to do," returned Gideon, sternly. "I must know what *I have to do.* You see just how the matter stands. I would not rob you of your name to gain back my full due; but I must know something. It depends upon your actions what you are willing to do from I move."

"For God's sake, leave me!" gasped the agonized man, starting again across the floor. "I cannot talk now. You have the law on your—No, no!—not that!—Not now—not now! Oh, for mercy's name, leave me! I am mad! mad as the very demon of remorse! I—I—I—I—I—I—I—Will you go?"

Gideon saw that his brother was raving, and he turned and spoke with his son. They were willing to go, but they were not willing to leave the wicked man at liberty to take his own life. They declared that he contemplated leaving the country.

"Christopher," spoke the returned man, presently, after the consultation with his son, "we are perfectly willing to leave you now; but this is a business—O, there is no need of your leaving. Either my course is settled upon. Listen one moment, and you shall hear me. Are you prepared to make restitution?"

"Yes—yes."

"And you will not try to escape me?"

"No—no."

"Then when may I see you again?"

"You shall hear from me to-morrow, if I can know where you stop."

"We are stopping at the Astor House."

"Then you shall hear from me before noon."

With this the father and son turned from the apartment, and in a few moments Christopher Huntley was left alone. He started from his seat and paced the apartment for some minutes with quick, nervous strides. His eyes flashed wildly, and his features were wrought upon by the most intense emotion. Finally he paused, and seemed to gaze upon some phantom in the space before him.

"The race is run!" he uttered, in a hoarse, unnatural whisper. "Oh, my God! and what a race it has been! I grabbed—I grabbed—I—I—I—I grabbed a home—And when am I now? Child-ren gone—wife gone—for years without one ray of joy! Followed by a horrid fear-phantom wherever I went!—terror starting up at every step!—in the power of villains! Oh, what a life! And all Gideon came back!—Perdition seize the fate that brought me out! What have I done? I have run for a race—a race of life, to end only with that of life! I've lost—lost—lost! Oh, my God! I am accursed! Always—always, night and day, those accursed words have been sounding in my ears—'As you sow you shall reap!' I have sown—I have reaped, and now I have reaped!"

He ground his heels upon his brow, and groaned aloud.

"What have I to live for? Where—where—oh all the world is there one solitary soul to love me? Not one!—oh, my God, not one!"

He groaned again, and his frame quivered. His legs seemed growing feeble, and he tottered to a chair, where he remained in silence for a time in thought. When he arose he went to the extension-room, in the rear of the parlors, where his books and papers were. He gave vent to a groan as he drew at his desk. His first movement was to write the following note:

"Benjamin Lattimore.—You need take no further steps for me. Our business relations cease from this hour. I will understand this when you hear from me next.

"Christopher Huntley."

This he folded, sealed, and superscribed, and then wrote another. After this he rang his bell, and his man-servant made his appearance. The merchant was very calm and collected, and seemed more himself than he had before appeared since the death of his wife.

"Here, Harvey," he said, handing him the note for Lattimore first, "you will leave that at the first person you come across. There is one now, isn't there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then leave it, and pay the postage. Then you will take this one and carry it to Dr. Danton's. He keeps the large drug store about half-a-dozen blocks lower down on Broadway. He will give you something to bring back. Be careful and see Doctor himself."

The man took the two notes and withdrew, and then Christopher Huntley turned again to his desk, and wrote long and rapidly. There was a strange nervousness in his manner, and a startling intensity was in his gaze as he cast his eyes about him when engaged in thought.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A NEW FRIEND. AN APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH!

On the morning following Blois's visit to his uncle, he and his father, with Cora and Jack Wallace, sat in their private parlor at their hotel. They had eaten breakfast, and were discussing the manner in which they should spend the day. Every trusty men—members of the old ship's crew, had been selected to watch the movements of Schuyler, so there was no apprehension on that score.

Cora had just mentioned several things which she would like to purchase, when there came a rap upon their door, and directly afterwards a servant looked in.

"There is a gentleman in the office wishes to see Mr. Hunting Blois."

"What kind of a gentleman?" asked Blois.

"An oldish man, sir."

"Show him up."

When the servant returned he introduced an elderly gentleman, who was rather below the medium size; neatly and plainly dressed in deep mourning, and wearing upon his face one of those looks of benevolence which speak at once to sympathy and favor. He bowed as he came in, and, having had his eyes over the party, he finally seated towards the parent.

"Is this Captain Blois?" he asked.

"Yes, that is my name," returned the old gentleman, rising.

"Is this the boy who looks now. But you don't remember me?"

"No, sir. You have the advantage of me."

"I don't exactly remember the boy who used to go to school with me, but Schuyler's—you used to help you over your hard lessons, and fight your battles for you when 'em were much younger than you."

"Ah!—What?" cried Huntley, setting the old man back in his chair. "Schuyler Lattimore? Is Archie?"

"Yes, you've hit it now," said the visitor, gladly. "I saw by the arrivals this morning that Gideon Huntley was booked here. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw it, and I immediately determined to see."

"Then you have no your head for doing so!" cried Gideon, warmly. "But let me introduce you. This is my son, Ben.—This is Mr. Wallace, both in Miss Pope."

As the visitor took Cora's hand, and gazed into her face, he started, and a look of pain palpably overspread his face. And the maiden, too, was seen trembling as her name, Jeremiah, fixed upon a chord that vibrated strangely; and there was, moreover, something in his face which appeared to give her a kind of power for familiarity upon others."

She received her lover's ardent embrace, and then, as she saw her father's eager, prayerful gaze fixed upon her, she turned towards him, and, taking his hand, she pressed it to her lips, and let a few tears. Her soul was too full—too full. Joy had come to it, and so the warm tide overleaped the fountain, her heart went forth in earnest, ardent prayer to the Author of all gifts, and they might not forget him in their new-found bliss.

* * * * * * *

It was near the close of the afternoon that one of the servants brought a letter up for Gideon Huntley. He opened it, and read as follows. The note was dated that very noon:

"Gideon Huntley.—Sir,—I will not call you *brother*, for I have no wish to pay the hypocrite. And yet I know you are such, by the love of consanguinity, no not. Come to my house at six o'clock this afternoon, and I shall be prepared to meet you. Bring no one with you. Come alone. I do not ask for me. My servant has orders to admit you without question. You will find me in my library. Come to my parlor. Fail not to come at the appointed time.

"Christopher Huntley."

It was now half-past five. The father and son went out and called a coach, and in twenty minutes were set down at the merchant's door. The coachman was directed to wait. They rang at the door-bell, and the serving-man answered the summons.

"Is your master in?" asked Blois.

"Yes, sir. He said you'd find him in there," and the man pointed to the door at the east-ly of the hall entrance, and then turning away.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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BEAUTY AND THE DAWN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNDT.

I said unto the Dawn—why art thou bright
With the rich hues that glow on the rose?
I said unto the Dawn—why art thou bright
With the rich hues that glow on the rose?
Then came the answer from the Dawn—with flowers thy hair I'll wreath
And scent thy breath with the rose's perfume.
Therefore I mourn not.

I said unto the Dawn—why art thou bright
With the rich hues that glow on the rose?
I said unto the Dawn—why art thou bright
With the rich hues that glow on the rose?
Then came the answer from the Dawn—with flowers thy hair I'll wreath
And scent thy breath with the rose's perfume.
Therefore I mourn not."

STORM IN SUMMER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Hear ye not the distant thunder,
Deep and solemn, rolling near?
Feel ye not the sultry heaviness
Of the dull and sleepy air?
Now the sun is hidden entirely,
Not a single ray is seen,
Save a lurid, fiery crimson
Where the clouds are rolled between.

Now the wind is rising fiercely,
Bending down the forest trees,
Whirling dust and leaves and branches
Through the startled air with ease.
Now the rain comes down in torrents,
Beating on the window pane,
Dashing on the roof and pavement,
Like a never-ceasing strain.

Now the lightning flashes vividly,
Now the thunder rolls and peals,
Now the earth is wrapped in darkness,
Now the mighty tempest wheels.
Now the wind is hushed and silent,
Now the rain has ceased to fall,
Now the storm has passed and gone by,
Now the sun shines out on all.

TWO WAYS TO SAVE MONEY.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following sketch of real life so plainly exhibits a lesson which might be profitably followed by many of our people, that we feel it to the reader simply as it occurred, only concealing the real names of the parties concerned. And as the story bears its own moral we will not tire you with any "reflections."

John Poland and Amos Lyman bought farms adjoining each other. The land had formerly been owned by one man who had worked on the whole, employing a heavy force in the work. When the two friends bought the land it was as equally divided as possible; and after the line of separation had been run, those who had worked upon the land declared that they would not give the "sum of a copper" for a choice between the two farms. The old buildings were almost alike, so new ones were erected, and at the same time both men commenced farming in earnest. They were poor, having paid their last pennies for the farms, and being obliged to run some in debt for stock and tools.

In all respects the two men commenced evenly. They were both married, and each Poland had one son and two daughters, Lyman had one daughter and two sons.

"Look you," said Lyman, as the two sat together after their farming operations were commenced, "I have not my mark to aim at, like the marksman. If I have my health, to lay up a thousand dollars, clear of everything, in five years."

"That is rather a short time for such a purpose," returned Poland.

"Not a bit," cried the other, enthusiastically. "I'm not going to wear my back-bone away for nothing. *I'm going to lay up money.*"

"So I hope to do," said Poland; "but money isn't the first consideration."

"What's the reason it isn't?" asked Lyman. If you have money you can have everything. Money is the key that unlocks all doors—the card that admits you to all places. O! give me a thousand dollars, and I'll be content."

"So I must have a thousand dollars," remarked Poland; and then the conversation took another turn.

One day a man came along who had some splendid grade cattle. They were of a pure English breed, or rather a cross between two of the best breeds ever imported, and owner very high. Poland saw him pasting and hailed him. Our friend was anxious to grow a fine stock, and to know that he must commence in the right way.

The owner of the stock said he was willing to sell, but he must have his price. He had a fine young pair, male and female, two years old, which he would sell for two hundred dollars. Poland offered his note on six months, together with a bill of sale of the cattle as security. The owner was satisfied, and the bargain was made. The animals were brought home, and Poland was not disappointed in the purchase.

"*Now?*" broke from Lyman's lips, as he heard the price which his neighbor had paid for the new stock. "Two hundred dollars for a two-year-old bull and heifer! Why—what on earth could you have been thinking of, Poland? Why—I wouldn't have given seventy-five dollars for 'em no how. My cows will give as much milk and make as much butter and cheese. I tell you plainly you'll never see that thousand dollars if you carry out in that way."

"But, my dear sir, I am determined to have the best stock I can get," returned Poland, earnestly; "for the time farmers who have made the most money have made it from stock. I assure you it is one of the greatest failings our farmers have that they are content with small, poor stock; when, by a little trouble and expense, they could have much better."

"My stock answers my purpose, at any rate," resumed Lyman. "I don't afford to pay two hundred dollars for a pair of animals to make so much butter and cheese. I tell you plainly you'll never see that thousand dollars if you carry out in that way."

"But, my dear sir, I am determined to have the best stock I can get," returned Poland, earnestly; "for time farmers who have made the most money have made it from stock. I assure you it is one of the greatest failings our farmers have that they are content with small, poor stock; when, by a little trouble and expense, they could have much better."

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"You have a right to your own opinions."

"Aye—and I'll have my hundred dollars, too," laughed Lyman, as he turned away.

It was only a week after this that the canvasser for an agricultural journal called on the enterprising farmer, but the book couldn't afford to take it.

"Hadn't you better?" he ventured his wife.

"No. We take the Village *Pedagog*, published right in our own town, and that's enough. You know what I told you, Dolly,—I must have that thousand dollars!"

"Then you won't take it?" said the agent.

"No, sir. Can't afford it. But there's my neighbor Poland—he'll take anything that anybody offers him."

"I've called on his, sir, and he told me I'd better stop here. He said you were talking no agricultural paper."

"And did he subscribe?"

"Yes—said paid me the money."

"I tell ye, Dolly, Poland's thousand dollars 'll come out mines;—now you mark my words."

Dolly Lyman could only sigh, and she was troubled at that moment by the thought that her husband was exercising a spirit of pennriousness which looked grasping, but she did not say so.

"Hadn't what ye doing?" cried Lyman, as he saw Poland commencing to run a fence across his field.

"I'm going to throw out just half of this field into pasture," returned Poland.

"What?" exclaimed Lyman, hardly able to believe what he had heard. "Throw off half of your field? Why—that wont leave you with more than twenty acres to till."

"I know it,—and that's all I want. I am determined not to waste my time and energies in swingling a scythe over forty acres of land after five-and-twenty tons of hay when I can get forty tons from twenty acres."

"Crazy as a March hare!" muttered Lyman, as he turned away.

The long Lyman was met by another surprise. He was at the hotel in the village one day, and there learned that his neighbor Poland had engaged all their manure for four years; and that he was to pay for it in wood, and butter, and cheese, and such other articles of produce as might be wanted.

"Dolly, what do you suppose Poland has been and done now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned the wife, looking up.

"Well, I'll tell you.—He's been and engaged all the manure made at the tavern stables for the next four years! And he's got to haul wood, and let his butter and cheese go, to pay for it!"

On the same day he saw Poland, and asked him what he meant.

"I mean to bring my farm up," returned the latter.

"But I got manure enough for two acres of corn every year, and that's enough," said Lyman.

"For you it may be, but I wish to manure more. Our land was well run out when we took it, and in order to get it up to its fullest capacity we must be prodigal of rich dressing."

"Well," said Lyman, with a sort of pitying pretension,—"go ahead; but I'll risk my money, let me know."

"I'll give you a good account, never fear," replied Poland, laughing. "I must feed my land if I would have it feed me. We haven't got land here like those rich alluvial bottoms, but the time Mr. land needs nursing now."

But Amos Lyman couldn't see the use of wasting money in that way. He thought the man who would flesh out his tillage land from his purse, and then go off and buy such a quantity of manure, must be little better than foolish. He wasn't much of a fool, at all events.

During the following winter, while Lyman was cutting and hauling wood by the cord, Poland two dollars and a half per cord, "*pay*" Poland was hauling his in his own sleds to pay for manure which he hadn't got yet!

It was on the first day of April that Poland came to see his neighbor. He wanted to borrow a hundred dollars for six months, or for a year if he could.

"What ye going to do with it?" asked Lyman. If I want to borrow money, generally I can and borrow cellar, and also enlarge the building by putting on a wing, thus throwing the cattle out of my main barn."

I declare, Poland, it's too bad," said Lyman, grievingly. "Here I've laid up my two hundred dollars clear cash, and you are worse off than nothing—in debt, I'm afraid. I've been over and over you fooling away money so. Your barn is large enough—as large as mine is with double sheds to empty into it. If I had a couple of hundred dollars what amusement have I that I shall ever see it? I'd rather it go where I know it will be, than I shouldn't want to see you, and I might not get it again. Now, if I let you have the money, and you have no more need to be borrowing than I have,—or, you shouldn't have."

John Poland didn't say anything about the two animals he had bought a year and a half before, and the calf they had raised from them—he only had been offered within the week four hundred dollars—in fact, he thought of nothing else and ever since the stock owned by Lyman. He turned the subject of conversation as quickly as possible, for he wanted to lose no more reasons from his friend for not lending him the money.

That afternoon he went over to see the man of whom he had bought his new stock, who had him for two dollars per pound.

"What a fool I" is all Lyman, as he saw the carpenters at work tearing away one whole side of his neighbor's barn, preparatory to adding an apartment capable of accommodating forty-five "head of cattle." However, he said not a word, and tried in vain to get his neighbor to listen to a word of fault with his income.

"Don't talk to me," cried Lyman, at the end of the second year, "of forty-four hundred dollars as interest. How much you got ?"

"A thousand or so," returned the other.

"Eh! What do you say?"

"Why, all the money I have laid out on this place is as much as that."

"Oho—ah, ha, ha, ha,—and now how much interest have you made?"

"So far I've let it all run at compound interest—put the interest right in with the principal, and there it lies."

"Yes, and there it will lie. I don't believe you can find any dollars and cents out in that way."

"You are right, Lyman—I could not raise fifty without selling something which I'd rather wish at present to part with."

"I thought so. Just take your own way."

Ere long Amos Lyman was astonished to find that his neighbor had subscribed for a third paper, besides buying a lot of books for his family.

"What's the use?" he said, as he sat in his neighbor's front room, and saw a large pile of books on the shelf. "I want my children to learn to work—not to be spending their time over books. They get schooling enough when the school is open."

"But I mean that my children shall learn to work," returned Poland; "but that shall not prevent them from knowledge. Books are cheap, and I rather leave them with good health, good character, and well educated, than with thousands of dollars each, made in the scramble."

"Oho! That's the way you mount to lay up a thousand dollars, is it? Well, my children, and papers, and new tie-ups, and such like."

"You shall see when the time is up."

"We shall," returned Lyman, as he turned towards home.

Mr. Lyman had not fully realized how much corn Poland had received from the land he had manured so heartily and so constantly, on account of his not noticing that his neighbor had "extraordinary good luck" with his wheat, going about ninety bushels from three acres. But he had occasion to open his eyes on the third year.

One evening just at sundown, he went over into Poland's field, where the men were just finishing raking up the harvest of grain which had been the year before—the first place the present owner had plowed up and dressed.

"Been poling some hay on love," said Lyman, as he saw the huge bunches of hay nearly as thick as they could stand.

"No—this was all cut from these three acres," returned Poland.

Lyman counted the bundles, and then estimated their average weight, and, upon reckoning up he found that the land had yielded not far from *four tons to the acre!* He had just got to the one acre which he had first dressed upon the new farm, and he had obtained short of two tons per acre! He knew that Poland had got one hundred more of wheat per acre than he had done, and also more corn. He began to think; but yet he would not let his money go for *any such "experiment"* upon his place.

The five years came around, and Amos Lyman went on that day and sold fourteen bushels of corn in order to get fourteen dollars to put with him two hundred and eighty dollars which he had at home.

"Well, Poland, I've got the prize !" said Lyman, entering the farmer's barn in the afternoon, and he sat softly spying, just five years from the day at which they bought. "I've got the thousand dollars; now what have you got?"

"Well—at least not far from four hundred dollars in money."

"Haven't bought it."

"But, Amos Lyman," said Poland, almost sternly, "was your corn ever ground yet?"

"Opened! What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean that my farm, to-day, will sell for one thousand dollars more than yours will. Look at my hay-mow. There are nearly twenty tons of hay; you have not five. And, mind you, I have five head of cattle more than you have. Next season I shall cut more hay from twelve acres, which I have now regenerated, than you will cut upon your whole forty acres; and you have got to work for more a pound than your hay is. I told you I had five more head of cattle than you had. For three fat creatures I can, within six hours, take seven hundred dollars and feel no such money can purchase them of me."

"Ah, Lyman, you have been saving money, but you have taken it from your farm—you have robbed my land!"

"Not quite, Lyman."

"Yes, you have!"

"You've taken off two hundred cords of good wood."

"Well—so you took off some."

"Aye—but what I took from the woodlands, a few years will bring back. I did not take it from the farm."

Mr. Lyman went away with new thoughts.

Poland had his land in the rest of seven five years the sum of Amos Lyman were wholly spent. Poland had gotten his money out of the land, and gotten from his first purchase, and commenced to accumulate. Seven hundred dollars was the least any one of them brought when fatted; and he had bullock four years old, brought his three hundred and ten dollars. His "extraordinary luck" was like a garden, yielding, such as was mowed, and weeded, and dug from the acre. It was the whole farm was under the best of tralling and dressing, while that of Lyman had a lazy, listless appearance, and all that he had expended. During that time he took over a thousand dollars for stock and produce, and he had not a cent more of dollars for his place, while Lyman could not have his property less than a thousand.

"Dolly," said Amos Lyman, sinking into a chair, "I've got a piece of bad news for you."

"Why—Amos—what do you mean?"

"Mean? I mean what I have said, Dolly. Amos."

"You have? And what have you seen?"

"Why—I see that John Poland is now making a comfortable home for himself and family, and that he has paid off every dollar of his debts."

"And why didn't you tell me so?"

"I did tell you so, husband, and you said I was a fool."

"I remember. Well—never mind. Then I too am a fool."

On the next morning Mr. Lyman went over to his neighbor's and found—Dolly.

"Poland, you must help me. I want to learn how to farm right."

"I will help you with pleasure, Amos; and you can begin far more easily than I did, for you have me to guide you."

And Lyman commenced. The thousand dollars were nearly all expended in the work, but in the end he found himself the gainer, and his dollars were doubled by his intimate connection with Poland. He learned a lesson which many might follow with profit.

SPIRITUALISM:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY CLARA BISBEE.

There may some slight good result, sometimes, under circumstances not worth stating, to arise from spiritualism; but the clamors are ten to one that flow up from its base to the ear of humanity are some off great losers by it.

Of all the delusions that in this strange knocking, writing, and *seeing*, by the unseen—what!—it is vain to deny. There can be no possible assigning of reasons for such a thing as this, and daily taking place about us, and it answers no good purpose to attempt to assert that the whole is a foolish humbug. The persons who most readily ridicule it, and who are willing really worth exciting wonder even takes place among us, are the very ones who, upon going to see the performances (I speak only of those who profess to be tricks—not from my curiosity that they feel), are secretly astonished, and go home to brood over and count the likes of anything unaccountable in the world; but nevertheless they carefully does not see experience as the following tale will impress him.

A certain sturdy and "strong-minded" gentleman chanced to wander into the reception-room of Madame ——, medium, and while sitting at some distance from the table, or from any person in the room, he was suddenly surprised by feeling what seemed like the touch of an elongated finger upon his cheek. His hands were clasped firmly his lap, just above his knee. While silently wondering what this could mean, he was the medium hastily dash off a few lines and hand them towards him. His hands, and his attention, were so engaged when he read, written over the signature of his dead father :—

"I am here, and I entered in reading you feel the presence of my hand upon your knee just now."

The gentleman was startled, something with horror, and he beat a hasty retreat. Though at first he had no grace of the spirit, he afterwards by one to complete convert. Thus it is with hundreds—nay with thousands.

Now, we will pass on to enter into the examination of the matter, if at all, is to go with a mind free from all prejudice, and with a mind open, cheerful, yet firmly held, by the rules of the Word of God, against giving way to vain confidence in what is asserted or advised by the mediums even if they do speak by help of Satan. Such things have been done before by the possessed of "old familiars," and *whether not now?* At least it behooves all to beware that, when they give themselves up to the influence of what they verily believe to be the spirits of dear departed friends, they are not in reality led captive by the devil at his will. That the communicating power, be it what it may, can tell all the secrets of the dead friend, or can imitate his hand-writing, or his actions, is no proof that it isn't the devil. He is still, as he was in the days of poor Job, a most invincible meddler, listener, and busybody, and what a most formidable infernal snake he is; it is no hard matter for him very successfully to personate father, mother, sister, brother, lover, friend, to those over whom he hopes to gain power by so doing. Then, as to those tall, or the mysterious demands and doctrines often expressed, a proof that it is not Satan and his angels; for we read, in the Bible that Satan and his evil spirits stand in fear of all dangers that flesh is heir to, that Satan can transform himself into "an angel of light." But he can't carry out his angelship very far unless you help him;—recall the devil and he will flee from you.

The editor of The Pathfinder—so long a believer in the heavenly nature of "the spirits"—came at length to the conclusion that they were the opposite of heavenly. He came out strong when he announced his errors, declaring that an influence which was, in the end, always injuriously affecting either the health, mind, or morals of people—often all three, could only emanate from "heaven." Then he goes on to give an example of the truth of "Pathfinder's" statement that this article was committed.

In the city of A—— resided a happy, old-fashioned couple. They were wealthy and childless, and their days passed peacefully away. They were about fifty years of age, and lived in a fine, old-fashioned house, which had been the home of the gentleman's father. Not a new article of furniture, nor a new arrangement of a single room had been seen in that house since its master and mistress were married. Everything was in perfect order and valuable, though rather ancient in look.

About the first or second year of the Fox era, this quiet pair got touched by Spiritualism. The fever raged high with both of them. They felt sure they had communed faithfully, and lived in order of the spirits, took one of the mediums, a lady, into their family, and felt so much assured that the young girl was not a very powerful writer of wonders; but she made up for that, by being the best of workers. The spirits, through that spoke through her were, apparently, greatly interested in her personal well-being, for they were constantly requesting favors for her. They asked that she should wear silk dresses, and the most handsome suits of clothes, which was accordingly done. They soon after suggested the propriety of refitting, in a more modern style, her chamber. When this had been accomplished, they were constantly sending her from other chambers, then the parlors and halls, should be refitted and refurnished. At last, the tasteful and stylish parlors not satisfied until the whole house was put into most splendid and modern repair. Then her ear lady, the medium, did sit through the parlors, receiving, and entertaining as many callers as she chose to have. In a short time the spirits declared that so much company was hurtful to the mind, and that the house must be shut up, particularly the reception rooms.

The sickness of the medium was now divided between the good man and his wife—the latter of whom soon fell sick. No one was admitted to her presence but the doctor, her husband, and the medium—the spirits wouldn't allow her to see any one else. Two weeks only passed away when the wife at length she began earnestly to beg to be allowed to see her relatives. But this was not according to revelation, and Mrs. —— died without having her desires gratified. The family, many of them, had not been for she was dangerously sick till she was dead. The spirits, the medium, and husband, were now left alone, and lived together in the unmingled dwelling. What Spiritualism had done for them, and did for the poor wife—time will soon reveal. Suffice to say "By their fruits ye shall know them." When men forsake the Lord for the direction of things that prop, and matter, and knock, and pinch, and write, it is not easy to see what the end of trouble and wide misery they may not be left to fall.

THE BACHELOR HUSBAND.

By bachelor-husband we mean a husband who is made a bachelor *pro tem.* by the absence of his wife.

Of course such a kind of life has its little enjoyable privileges and advantages; but it has its drawbacks and annoyances for which no freedom can compensate. It is freedom made bitter.

Husbands are always raving about the bliss of being left to mind their wives, and what they do, when miserable creatures they are! They go to their clubs, and have to pay their own bills.

The bachelor-husband is a melancholy proof of this. His wife has gone on a visit to her page, or to some relation in the country, from whom she has great expectations. She is not to return for a fortnight. Her Majesty is away, and the house is altogether out of love with the thought of being without her.

And yet, the very first day, what a helpless creature he is! He is left the uncontrolled master of the house, and doesn't know where a single thing is kept. If he wants anything, he has to ring the bell, and ask for himself; and then he gets in but a small chance of his finding it. For he doesn't know what to ask for, neither can he try them all; but, as a matter of course, the very key that he wanted is missing.

The little ones are more some friends. He sets them with a triumphant chuckle that he is a bachelor, and they have been out of bed ever since with him.

What a dinner! Probably it has not been ordered. How very foolish! He quite forgot it.

He is profuse in his apologies to his dear friends, and promises that it does not in the least matter; but, as they know, it is evident, from their blank looks, that they have been put out by the unusualness of their experience, as a private means of entertainment, to the hospitality of a bachelor-husband again.

Poor bachelor! He is crowding up to bed, the first evening, and, just beginning to feel the weight of the house he has newly got upon his hands, he is suddenly reminded of a little commission to the nurse to pass the evening with her friend in Jermyn City, and that she has not yet come in. He has asked the cook to do it for him, and so he is obliged to go down into the kitchen, and, after knocking in the middle-thick of the kitchen clock, and amusing himself now and then with a few of the "some of these days," he gives a chuck in the morning, when the mildest ring at the bell produces nurse's return.

His trouble begins the first thing the next morning. He cannot get the servants out of bed. Then he has to ring repeatedly for every article he wants. When he goes down stairs, the room is smoky-dusted, or the dinners are lying about, and he nearly sits down upon the box of black-lead brushes that has been left in his arm-chair.

Then he is pestered with applications from the maid for towels, or pearl-ash, or soap, or clean sheets; and, worse than all, has to meet that awful inquiry from the cook. "Please sir, what will you have for dinner to-day?" The daily inquiry persecutes him to such an extent that at last he is driven away from home, and regularly dines out. He runs through the circle of his friends' acquaintance, beginning with his friends' friends, who knows they give the best dinners, and never pay the relations for the last.

But the bachelor-husband is an outcast in his own house. He has but little control over any one—and pays the bills that are put before him without question, being too glad to get rid of the nuisance as quickly as possible. The washing, too, will go his fifth shirt. Then the house seems so quiet. His widowhood and such-bachelorhoods are endless. Ultimately he has not the face to wear them. The scrings are of his collars; and as for bachelor-buttons, he has not a shirt with one on. He does not know whom to ask to help him. He complains, but his complaints are not heeded; and if he be a cold, he is obliged to nurse himself, receiving pity, consolation, and water-gruel from no hands but his own.

He puts his name down to be entered at some club, so that, by the time his wife leaves him a bachelor the second time, he may have some idea of refuge where he can rest a good dinner in comfort, and have his boots cleaned, and get a wink of his bed.

When should heaven of this, and should never stop away too long, but should rather return ere the fortnight has elapsed, before they receive a letter inquiring them to come home as soon as possible—for when they receive that affectionate summons they may be sure that the very climax of wretchedness has been attained by that poor, helpless, bachelor-husband. Indeed, bachelor-husband individual, whom we call the bachelor-husband. Common professor, not to say compassion, should whisper to the fair face of his or worthy of the fair sex, to prolong my husband's holiday as long as possible, and never, never, they leave him in the hands of a warranted mother-in-law.

HUMAN LIFE.

Human life is short and fleeting,
Its brightness lasts not on for ever—
That cloud that's seen in morning's sky
Is gone ere sunbeam's early days.
But soon, with sad and mournful tone,
It tells also its funeral notes;
Then, as the sun is sinking in the slightest,
And darkness overshadows the earth,
So it may be, my heart aware
Bathe each and sorrow to the grave.

A SHALLOW AND MISCHIEVOUS DELUSION.

The error which regards the progress of physical truth as in some way subsidiary to the progress of intelligent truth, is both one of the most shallow, and one of the most mischievous which could engross their religious faith. These gentlemen do not scruple to say that they no more think of looking in the Bible as a text-book of facts than for the true as to the nature of the solar system, or the constitution of the earth, or the nature of the superficient to inquire whether all things in the history of man are in a very different and more rigid of progress with the sciences just named. It is not to be denied that, with regard to physical science, the Bible has been misunderstood in the past, as the word. Even our best-remote ancestors were in some sense, and in some degree, misunderstood with themselves. But it is no less clear that there are some things in respect to which the sacred world left little to be done by their descendants. Even in some departments of science we have added to the stock of truth, and to the practical dispensant of all science—the science of the mind—our knowledge has been more and more added to. We have resolved new systems from the old elements, but have little else to do now as regards our own. Similar is the statement that may be made in respect to everything coming within the province of Bible. In Judea's comparatively early dispensation, how much have we borrowed?—how little have we invented? Wait it more, but little purpose is there that even the men who are engaged in the work of a very different and more extensive in this respect? Hence it is not our manner to scorn a man because he tells us he has been studying the principles of architecture in the remains of the Parthenon—the genius of sculpture among the Elgin marbles, the laws of painting in the vestiges of old Greece or old Rome. The fact that we do not blame, but rather honor, such as propriety, is proof that there are some things not much subject to this boasted law of progress—things in which have been, and still are, admitted by it, during more than two thousand years.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

"When I get to be a woman I'll go out and wash for the ladies, mother; and when I come home I'll put every cent of my wages in the pot for you—I will, mother." Thus sadly and earnestly spoke a little girl of five years old, who was afraid for a family of four children, as the widowed mother dragged her weary limbs up the rickety stairway of a poor tenement house after the drudgery. The world is full of poor. What burdens has a man or woman to bear? Sickness, death, and poverty, are the common lot of mankind. Why Irishman fell dead, leaving a wife and four children to care for and provide for as best she could by their bread. Here was trouble. The landlord, as he always is, was pressing for the rent from his tenant. He was certain that a poor woman, with a family of children, could not pay him for rent, and he was determined to get it. Accordingly, without a word said to the widow. When he warned her out, and put the goods out in the street for rent. But if she should be sick, he would lose it; and as he ordered her out, he told her that he would pay the landlord was afraid of losing his rent. But a friend became responsible for the rent, and her little sons again had a place to rest their heads. Her husband's sickness had cost her dearly. The money goes out a-washing, day after day, and week after week. Six days of hard toil go to pay the rent of the house. Many times she is obliged to leave her work, leaving a sick child to children's care, or perhaps, to find it dead on her return. Such is life—here is a stern wrestling with poverty, which has no mercy, and no sublime qualities of the woman and mother. The little girl who knew and realized in the commencement was a beautiful creature, a bright gem in the clouds that hovered around the sooty board, and welcomed the mother from her toils. The little girl was taken with cold. The widow has one the less mouth to feed for, but one the less smile to greet her. The church or affection and love are of no avail against the hearts of the poor as of the rich and well-to-do. Well, the poor will have to rest to pay, or bread to toil for, in Heaven.

THE STUDENT'S GRAVE.

BY SALLIE M. SWIFT.

I never gazed on him that sleeps
Here in this dark and lonely weed,
Around this mourning vine that keeps
Watch in the sighing solitude.
Yet there are those who loved for years
The one that's here alone forgot;
So always there—for all their tears
Shall gush about the sacred spot.

Perchance a mother's fp even now
Is sighing for her vanished boy—
A sister's or a loved one's brow
May wear a shade caught from her story,
For him who passed from love and home
His youth's remains are resting here with me—
Who his familiar names to name—
No more, no more—and no more.

Never his cot, his nursery bed,
Where mingle flowers in fragrance sleep,
There is a lonely, sighing bed
It may be that their memories keep
Some restless one whose warm, rich hue
Is like the spell to enchant you,
And oh, perchance his eyes were blue
And dreamy as the rosaleaf's bloom.

Young stranger of the dreamless heart,
Beneath this dark and lapid tree
I know not what they were—and art;
And yet—oh, yet they were to me.
For oh, I know thy fancy raised
Beautiful castles of bright faith,
And thou didst go on age but passed
Upon their brink and vanished.

Where now thy spirit wanders now,
Oh, I would not for all the sums
That that of death and change where thou
In thy young glory passed to come
No—no—not over thy youth and love,
Have flitted a happier spirit than this;
I know that thou must smile above
In sweet of brightness and of bliss.

THE LITERARY WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Some shrewd, observant, or cynical lady writer—it must have been a "lady" writer—has said, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. This was not the theory of Mrs. Arabella Jones, the young, beautiful, accomplished, literary wife of Andrew Jones, Esq., a lawyer of more than common natural abilities, who gave large promise of future eminence.

It so happened that the mother of Mr. Jones was a woman thoroughly versed in the art and mystery of housekeeping, and Mr. Jones could not recollect the time when any failure of a culinary nature had given him the slightest annoyance. From childhood up to manhood he had been privy to joy in drawers, when he wanted a garment, and there it was, to his place, and in the closet under. Such a thing as bottle-ended disorder was unknown in his father's home; and yet, the style of living was plain—not luxurious. The inevitable result of all this was, that Mr. Andrew Jones was "spoiled," as we have it sometimes said of a child when we used to time home comforts—to having everything nice and orderly—that to miss them was a serious annoyance.

Let no one how it was with him in his own home —after he had set up his household, with the accomplished, intellectual Arabella, who wrote the sweetest poetry, and played like a very fine little performer.

A pleasant home was taken, in a pleasant neighborhood, and furnished in the extent of their moderate ability.

"How do you like it all?" inquired the young husband, after he had conducted his pretty bride through his arrangements to his mother, who came to pay her first visit.

Mrs. Jones was a plain-spoken, sincere woman, and she answered just as she thought:

"Very handsome for you, at the first place. A smaller one would have given ample room, and you could have furnished it in a manner equally neat."

"A little farm well tilled," you know!

"It is not larger than people in our position accept," her son replied.

"It is not the position you are to look at. Andrew, but the means and the comfort. A small house is kept with far less toil and expense than a large house; and above a moderate size it is impossible to the best advantage. In your case, it has taken three-quarters of the whole money you had to spend to get your large parlors into company dress. Above, and beyond, you have scarcely anything but bare walls for, or carpets to cover them. Your china closet is very meagre; your beds of the poorest quality; your kitchen utensils few and ill-assorted; and your servant's sleeping room without even a bedstead. I speak plainly, for I'm all old, blunt! A real sister matron, laid upon the floor, is not the best of a Christian housekeeper should provide for its third domestic."

The young man's face colored at the plain speech from his mother. Not that any part of what she—for he loved and revered her too much for that—had become her daughter of his household arrangements was more a disagreeable fault-finding with than if offered by the best left-for her son, she knew she could speak plainly without giving offense; but because the slight to those domestics of her daughter-in-law, before entering to suggestion, in her presence, of anything she saw in their household affairs.

To her mother-in-law, Arabella exhibited the greatest side of her character. She played for her many of the sweet melodies which had been loved in younger days by the mother of her husband, and sang them in her sweet and cultivated style; and, in turn, she listened with tasteful criticisms on her, literature and music—winning her way into the kind old lady's heart, and almost obliterating from her mind the unpleasant impressions which her housekeeping arrangements had made.

She did not wonder that her son had been fascinated by her brilliant accomplishments. Before a week's visit was ended, the mother of Mrs. Jones—who was a woman of singular penetration—caught glimpses, here and there, of a weak point in the right impulses. A defective home-education, inferior views of life, and a false appreciation of womanly duties, especially in the new relation she had assumed, was the one, destined to mar, for a time at least, the happiness of both herself and husband. She knew Andrew too well to hope for any permanent change in his habits, and was satisfied that most come to every man whose wife is not a good housekeeper, nor one who takes a daily and controlling interest in all matters, from the making of a bed, to the boiling of a pudding—homely duties, but essential to home-happiness.

The first meal shared by Mrs. Jones with her son and daughter-in-law, satisfied her more completely than the equipment of the house had done, that Andrew was doomed to have more trouble and discomfort in domestic life. The cook had been ordered to make hot rolls, and to broil a chop or two. The rolls were hot, and the ham was broiled; but to have digested the first would have required the stomach of an ostrich; and as for the latter, a

weak's fasting would hardly have reconciled it to the revolting palate. Mrs. Jones, senior, like elderly ladies of her class, liked a good cup of green tea. Black tea was served on the present occasion, and black enough it was! Very hard did Mrs. Jones try to drink the beverage, but such the task was more than she could accomplish. To sip a few spoonfuls was the utmost that could be done.

Andrew was seriously mortified at all this, and blamed the miserable cook. Arabella added her condemnation, and said that she would not endure the incompetent creature a day longer. Mrs. Jones answered neither, but she had her own thoughts.

From the beautiful room and its indifferent attractions, the company soon withdrew, and went back to the parlor, but little refreshed either in mind or body by the evening's entertainment. Here, the young wife, with an easy and graceful manner of manner that rather repelled Mrs. Jones, considering the meeting of long-lost-children, and indeed one pleasant subject of conversation not a few, from one to another, and succeeded in winning back the cheerfulness of both her husband and his mother. She played and sang with—admirable thought—then to her sweet voice and her be-

"Try him with the poetry of comfort," said the old lady.

"Speak out more plainly, dear mother. The eyes of Arabella grew angry.

"Try him," said Mrs. Jones, smiling as she spoke, "with the poetry of a mutton-chop."

Her eyes are smiling spots of sun." And the face of Arabella began to crimson.

"No, I am simply in earnest. This morning you had a mutton-chop for your husband's breakfast. Now, that compound poem of a mutton-chop can ever remember to have seen. There was no sentiment—or flavor—about it. Andrew ate a few mouthfuls, but without relish, showing his natural fondness as if they had been chips. Now, give him the poetry of a mutton-chop this evening, and, my word for it, you will find his heart quicker than by the tenderest verses you can write."

"What is the poetry of a mutton-chop?" inquired the half-amused young wife.

"The perfection of its flavor, brought out upon the gridiron."

"Is Andrew a mere animal?" circulated Arabella.

He is animal as well as spiritual, and the wants of both natures must be supplied. It is one of my theories, that a delicate and appreciating palate is essential to a delicate and appreciating mind. In other words, that true refinement of spirit is always accompanied by a refinement of taste in the matter of food. I do not mean that your refined and intellectual husband is to be a mere epicure, or a gourmand, or that he shall be a thinker about his food; but, simply, that he shall enjoy, with a simple appetite, the true flavor of well-cooked food, and not, whose taste revivalist, and rejects the stimulations tastes of food that please an animal nature like his. Now, let us make an experiment on Andrew." "What is it?"

"Let me prepare for you upon him first the effect of your beautiful apostrophe—and it is beautiful—and afterwards the poetry of a mutton-chop. The mutton-chop will be a delicious one, and I think you will show you how to extract the poetry."

"Mother, you are incorrigible!" replied Andrew, with a merry laugh, as he looked archly at the propositions.

"Let me hear of dinky twilight Andrew exclaimed, a little more wearied than usual with the day's varied duties. He warms in the best comfort, and he should have been content, as the result of the higher department of poetry was concerned, with the poetry of a well-cooked dinner. Arabella placed her little attitude of affection into the hand, and watched him with quickened pulses, as he read the first few verses of the beautiful and touching elegies of affection was her reward. But it was not the full appreciation of her poetry. Andrew looked upon as a cozy fellow, and if he can offer to pay for the dinner, he will be glad to accept the invitation. Arabella, with a little pang at her heart, replied that she could not afford it.

"Then I will treat you to a dinner," said the old lady, "and you shall be my guest."

"Oh, delicious!" he ejaculated, as the first mouthful reached his palate. "Ah! this is some of your poetry, mother! Capital Arabella with delightful surprise.

"Is this indeed so?" he asked. Then springing up under the enthusiasm of the moment, he rushed to his wife with a kiss of heartier feeling than she had received for a month.

"I told you," said the good old lady, smiling, after order was restored. "that there was poetry even so homely a thing as a mutton-chop, and you have brought it to light, my dear."

"And if I don't find poetry in a great many other things that I have fortified myself upon as beneath a true woman's regard, it will not be through indifference to your wise suggestions, mother-in-law," replied Arabella, with much feeling.

And she did find a charm in homely things never imagined to exist. At the next visit of Mrs. Jones, senior, she found everywhere in her son's dwelling the poetry of comfort, folded to the poetry of neatness. Arabella had lost none of her mental attractions—had neglected none of the graces of mind and feeling; but had made her home and her character more perfect by letting the taste and skill of a well cultivated mind descend into the common things of life—making all beautiful from the lowest to the highest.

The best definition of dogmatism is Jerrold's, namely: puppyism come to maturity.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIETY says he has been in the habit of using a certain preparation for the hair, but finds it has not the desired effect. He is now using one that has been highly recommended to him by some of his friends, and the young lady he goes to see has been so complaisant as to admire his hair; he has also given her many presents, and often invited her to parties and places of amusement. She now says she has understood that they were engaged, and insists on his marrying her, and he wants to know if it is probable that she could maintain an action against him for breach of promise, in case he does not marry her. [If you are in doubt, of the figurous Court, decided, in a case tried at Belfast's vision. "To give him pleasure. I love him too well to act from any other motive."

the rules were universe, and that the present ladies have been in the habit of using a false article.

MRS. E. E.—Your line of reasoning your little daughter the nature and uses of prayer is a very good one. It will be reinforced as that her faith is differed, however. Perhaps your little daughter will have a better opportunity to read the useful letters on the Lord's prayer taken every division Sunday-school lessons. Perhaps you will find them useful for a similar lesson. Prayer is the natural desire of the heart gradually drawing every part of the divine composition. She should be made to comprehend that we have not the right to short his weighty sentences, not in their most extensive and comprehensive, but in their most simple meaning, as obtaining a pretty good conception of the meaning of each word. She should also be made to believe that the consecration, solution, and dependence of the several parts of the prayer are necessary to it. Prayer is the natural desire of the heart to rise. From being made a complete success of this short composition, she will have a clearer conception not only of its historical reasons, but of prayer in general, than many grown persons